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ELKS' MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

Portsmouth Lodge Honors Memory Of Departed Brothers.

M. Sullivan Delivers An Eloquent And Heartfelt Eulogy.

The Exercises Are Of A Simple But Affecting Nature.

Yesterday was observed by the Elks of Portsmouth as Memorial Sunday and almost the entire membership of the local lodge gathered in the lodge rooms to pay tribute to the memory of their departed brothers.

The exercises which were solemn and affecting in their nature, began with an organ voluntary and closed with the benediction and included an eloquent eulogy by J. E. Sullivan of Worcester, Mass. Mr. Sullivan's words were listened to with rapt attention. He spoke as follows:

I like the word "brother" which our order throughout the length and breadth of this fair land with loving affection applies to its members. To me it means more than the word "friend," for friendship is too often a plant of fickle and uncertain growth, like a fair weather flower that thrives best in sunshine, but when the dark clouds of adversity gather o'er, its opening buds are nipped, it droops, withers and dies. Not so with brotherhood. Adversity only tightens and cements the bonds. We are brought together in harmony and in union.

Brotherhood with us means that we are members of the same family, a band of brothers. It suggests home, friendship, family. It means that we are joined together for a common purpose, for a common end, the good of one being the good of all, and the good of the whole the good of the individual.

My brother is my other self, my alter ego. In him I see reflected my hopes, my fears, my desires. His interests are mine, and mine are his, so bound up and interwoven that they cannot be separated. My heart goes out and beats in sympathy with him in his sorrows and afflictions. He is bowed down and weighed by my grief.

Brotherhood properly carried out will give to every man the fruit of his labor. The principle of a universal brotherhood is a recognition of the claims of humanity. A brother's sufferings should ever claim a brother's pity. Remember the admonition: "Man, Man is thy brother, and thy father is God."

This noble and inspiring idea, plucked like a star from the shining vault of heaven, has been taken captive, brought to earth and made the foundation and groundwork of our order. The most beautiful truth that ever sprung Minerva-like into life, sent as a messenger from on high, the Golden Rule, whose refrain is taken up and sung by the stars of morning, can be summed up and condensed into the single word "Brotherhood."

The Savior planted this doctrine in the heart of man, and in His teachings insisted on its cultivation more than on any other single virtue. Around this keystone gather and cluster all the virtues. It is the arch on which they all rest. Nature is the common mother that binds together all men, and the tie she uses is brotherhood, which Confucius called the root of all true benevolence.

Brotherhood reaches out and gathers all men in her protecting embrace. Her shield wards off the arrows of misfortune and distress. She stands by the couch of sickness and relieves the suffering. She smooths the pillow of pain. She gives words of comfort and encouragement to the faint heart. And as the Angel of Death kisses the eyelids of our brother to sleep, she points to a happy union beyond the grave.

At this blessed time of the year, when the choirs of heaven sing songs of joy to him who first taught the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, "Peace on earth, good will to man," a holy and universal calm settles on the soul, the heart is filled with love.

"All men are brothers." This cry breaks down the barriers of race, destroys the distinctions of creeds, blends all nationalities and color into one, and ascends the heavens with the

bright bow of promise and of hope. On a pedestal illumined with the inscription "Brotherhood," Christianity stands forth in all her pristine purity.

Here in our order, although our brotherhood is limited to our own members, you behold the fondly cherished idea of the Saviour flourishing and bearing fruit. Up to that idea we live; it is the guiding principal of our conduct. Brotherhood means true, good fellowship. Here bigotry cannot find a lodgement and selfishness does not exist. Believing that all men are brothers by nature, to make them so in fact is the aim of our order.

To those who are not of us, but who seek to inquire into the secrets of our order, we answer, "We have none, save one, Charity, without ostentation. Sweet-faced, modest, retiring charity."

The three cardinal principles of every religion that deserves the name of religion are Faith, Hope and Charity; Faith the gift that saves mankind, Hope, the gift that cheers mankind; Charity, the gift that helps mankind.

Alexander Pope said, "In Faith and Hope the world may disagree, but all mankind's concern is Charity."

A high authority has said, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The highest of all authority has declared, "The greatest of these is Charity." Remember the apostle, "Faith without good works is dead." Charity dries the tear on the cheek of sorrow. She brings us nearer to each other. She bids us look with more compassion upon the faults and weaknesses of others. She moves us to smooth the brow of suffering with the tender hand of mercy. We cover our brother with the mantle of Charity, and no one is the wiser. No eye except the All-seeing Eye, witnesses the good deeds of our order. The veil of secrecy enshrouds the charity of our order.

One of our great minds has said: "The groundwork and foundation of our order is the great golden rule of life, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.' We are taught to cheer the despondent, to relieve the distressed, to aid the unfortunate, to carry sunshine and warmth into the abodes of misery, and suffering, to dispel pain with pleasure, to give smiles for tears, and laughter for grief, and to do all these things in secret without ostentation or parade, and in such a manner as not to wound the pride or bring the blush of shame or humiliation to those who are the beneficiaries of our efforts. The one great secret of our order is that no one shall ever know the names of those receiving aid or relief at our hands."

"Charity that vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up." Charity that is of the heart as well as of the hand, and of the hand as well as of the heart; "charity that letteth not the left hand know what the right hand doeth."

The other leading principles of our order are justice and fidelity. Justice consists in doing injury to no man; or, to put the same truth in another form, justice consists in giving every man his due. "Piat justitia, ruat colum." "Let there be justice though the heavens fall." This maxim which has come down to us thundering through the ages shows the reverence with which this quality has been regarded in all times and by all men. With Richelieu to the King of France, we say, "For justice, my liege, all place a temple, and all season summer."

The great English dramatist, would have been an Elk if the order existed in his country, because he was an actor, and all good actors are Elks; remember that Elkdome is distinctively and essentially and exclusively an American institution. On this soil its eyes first opened on the light of day, and here it has always remained. No Elk lodge is ever opened, or ever will be, opened without the stately emblem of our country being draped upon the altar. Shakespear, to whom I refer, puts these words into the mouth of the unfortunate Woolsey after he had fallen from grace, "Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at be thy God's, thy country's, and truth's." The just man has no reason to fear, either now or hereafter. He is at rest with conscience, "the inward monitor of the soul." The man who has always in mind his God, his country and truth, cannot go wrong, and is truly a just man.

Fidelity means to stand by one another. The poet expresses this idea

in the words, "I am constant as the Northern star, of whose true fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament." Faith and confidence, adherence to the brothers to whom we are united, and the order to which we are bound. Fidelity teaches us to be true in all the relations of life; true to our employers, true to our friends, true to our country, true to our homes, true to our God and true to ourselves. If the whole world soured on one of our number, and went back on him, still come what may, be it weal or woe, we would stand by his side and aid him. No matter if he were weak. We believe "a friend should bear a friend's infirmities." Edmund Burke says, "He censures God, who quarrels with the imperfections of man."

The religion of the Elks (I now use the word in its broadest and best sense as implying a love of God and of one's neighbor) is as deep as the sea, as high as heaven, as broad as the universe. This is a platform supported by the leading pillars of our order, on which all can stand. This religion is broader and deeper and wider and grander than any other, because it really embraces all others. Upon this broad platform we are enabled to, and do receive into our membership, the Jew and the Gentile, the Catholic and the Protestant, men of all religious beliefs and men of none, except that they must have an abiding faith in the great fatherhood of God, and the common brotherhood of man. It was said in ancient times that all roads lead to Rome; we of modern times believe that all roads lead to heaven, the only qualifications being a belief in an over-ruling Providence.

Omar, the successor of Mohammed, said, "There are four things that never come back,

The spent arrow,
The past life,
The neglected opportunity,
The spoken word."

"Fourth, the spoken word. Do not keep your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words of comfort and encouragement while their ears can hear them, and their hearts be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send to their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and affection. Postmortem kindness cannot cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way."

The true Elk: he loves justice, he hates wrong, he wishes for the right, he hopes for mercy, he assists the weak, he pities the suffering, he remembers benefits and forgets wrongs, he is sincere and truthful, he speaks honest words, he hates hypocrisy in all its forms, he carries on war against bigotry and intolerance, he loves his mother and brothers and sisters and friends, mother, the dearest word in the English language, he adores her. Home brightens at his coming, he is full of courage and cheerfulness, his presence makes others happy, generous in act, warm in loving words, he joyfully accepts new truths, he is free from prejudice, he looks to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night, he does the best he can, (can any man do more?) and then resigns himself to Hope, the consolation of the dying.

The true Elk believes in the doctrine of cheerfulness, the gospel of good nature. Every hour of his life is rich with love, every moment is jeweled with a joy. He is generous in act as well as in thought. The record of his generous life runs like a vine around the memorial of our dead and every sweet unselfish act is now a fragrant flower. He enjoys life and believes in laughter. Laughter is the rippling wave of life, and every wayward wave doth draw some bond of care. Laughter, the divine daughter of joy, makes dimples enough on the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

The law of birth is inseparably joined to the law of death; and the

two are one, separated only by the little space we call life. To begin to live is to begin to die. Some writer has said: "The cradle rocks us nearer to the grave." Another, "Our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave." The grand old globe on which we live is subject to the same law; it must die; it is dying now. We die, and through death, pass on to immortality. Death is the door which opens on the future. Death is the crown of life. The gates of death open to greet the coming guest, and close behind him, close forevermore.

If death is the twin brother of sleep, "Balm sleep," which a poet with a conscience and a soul in him addressed as "tired nature's sweet restorer," then it is a boon to be welcomed. For sleep means rest, and after rest an awakening to a glorious immortality. "He giveth his beloved sleep." What does that mean? That after the sleep of death our eyes shall open on life everlasting.

We know how hopeless it is to gild a grief with words, yet our sincere wish is to rob every grave of its fears. In this world where life and death are equal kings all should be brave enough to meet what all who have gone before have met, what all who now live and all that may come hereafter, must meet.

We think of our absent brothers as "mortals who have put on immortality." Death for us has no terrors. Death is a triumph over the grave. The man who fears to die should dread to live, for life is a tragedy more fearful than death. The man who has lived all his life obedient to the cardinal principles of the Elks stands snowcapped in the evening of life, holding out a welcoming hand to death. A man dies, but his memory lives. That which is mortal perishes and passes away; but that which is immortal flourishes and continues on forever. Death does not end all. Why was this thirst for immortality implanted in the mind if it were only to be dashed to fragments at the close? No, no, death is not an eternal sleep. Death is but the commencement of immortality.

All nature proclaims the existence of a God, old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, the mighty rivers flowing broad and resistless as they rush to the embrace of the open sea; spring with its music, its flowers and its life; and autumn with its ever changing colors, its ripeness and decay; the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, and man, the grandest conception of the infinite, all proclaim there is a God.

A child planted a rose; she watched the blossoms burst forth in the sunshine. They smiled and nodded to her in the summer wind, and she loved them. In the winter they died and she wept. In the springtime they burst forth into bloom again, and joyfully she exclaimed, "Mamma, the roses were not dead, they were only sleeping and they have waked up again." How symbolical of life and death! Day is generated out of night, and night out of day. Sleeping must follow waking; and waking must follow sleeping; and so life is merged into death, and death into life. This has been the judgement of the best and wisest of all the ages. Socrates taught the same doctrine two thousand years ago to his Athenian pupils.

"There is no Death; the stars go down,
To shine on some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore."

Humanity needs the softening influence of death to bring us nearer to each other. Life stretches on before us like an endless chain, whose initial links we know not, nor yet those to come.

In the matchless words of one who has recently passed away; "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustling of a wing."

There is a beautiful Persian legend of two angels who appeared to a maiden. A smile, radiant as the newborn day, was on the face of one, while the other though beautiful, wore on her head a crown of thorns. "One of us is Life, and the other is Death," they said, "choose you between us." The maiden placed her hand in that of the smiling angel and said, "Death is beautiful, but full of suffering, I choose Life." The smiling

angel folded the maiden to her soft bosom and answered, "I am Death, my child; the other, my sister, is Life." Let us believe that death is beautiful, that death is kind.

Science has not dimmed the star of hope, which shines forever on life's horizon; and standing on the brink of the grave, nature whispers to the aching heart that somehow, somewhere, "we shall meet again."

The hour of eleven is particularly set apart and consecrated to the memory of our absent brothers. The eleven o'clock toast, a toast to our absent brothers, whether they are in the land of the living tonight, or numbered with the countless myriads of the dead. The eleven o'clock toast brings to mind the remembrance of loved ones, whose voices, now hushed in death, we shall hear no more. Whatever else Death may rob of, it cannot take away the memory of the past. That, at least, is secure; it is our heritage, a priceless one. Remembrance is the perfume that remains after the flowers of Life have been gathered by the grim reaper, Death. Of all strange things that strike us with wonder, the most wonderful is Death. Present always with us, common as the air we breathe, yet when it comes, it comes with a shock, and the vibrations of that shock can long be felt.

Death reminds us of that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to Whom a thousand years years are as yesterday, when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

They are not dead. To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die. "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses hangs 'round it still."

Our brothers wait for us a little distance beyond. We wait for them by bereaved firesides, for the footsteps that are to come no more on earth, for the voices that are forever silent, for the lips that shall taste joy and grief no more.

We shall meet again. God never made a thing in vain. The soul is contained in this tenement of clay; when the vessel is broken, the body that comes from earth goes back to earth; the soul that comes from Heaven goes back to Him who sent it. Remember that judgement pronounced on mankind, "It is decreed for all men once to die, and after death judgement."

No human ear ever yet heard the gurgle of the silver spring of immortal youth.

Hope is the star, the torch, given us by nature to light our way through the world. On the shoreless sea of Eternity there is no light but that of hope. The magic touch of her wand transforms ignorance, superstition and fear into light. If doubt sometimes clouds the mind, the sunshine of hope will illumine the darkness. On the horizon of hope the veil is lifted which conceals the future.

The soul wearied of its burden sinks by the wayside to rest. Death is a freedom from the bondage of the body; death opens wide the golden gates of everlasting joy. The body drags down the soul that seeks to rise and soar; the soul cannot rise until it is freed from the shackles of the body.

Solon, the great law-giver of Athens, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, decreed that his countrymen should say nothing of the dead except what is good, as it benefited no one to perpetuate the memory of evil deeds. The Romans borrowed, stole, and incorporated this law in their maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Here you see the germ and seed of an idea that 2700 years afterward fructified into life and became a living reality in that rule of conduct, the Elk's maxim: "The faults of our brothers we write upon sands; their virtues on the tablets of love and memory." And for their faults being written on the sands, as the tide of time ebbs in and out, its smoothing and receding waters leave no trace behind.

The past rises before me like a dream. The dead, whose dust we covered a little while ago with flowers, pass in procession before us, each wearing on his head the crown of immortality. Again we see them sitting by the fireside; we look down into the deep blue eyes of their love; we grasp their right hand of affection; we hear their cheery voices; we greet their pleasing smiles; we hear their words of encouragement.

The wish to be remembered after death is the morning hope of immortality. Take a single thread of the

tailed skein of life, and you will find that it runs back to a point where the main chord binds the present with the hereafter. The idea of immortality, that life a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love lisses the lips of death.

Alexander the Great, ere the feast began, looked round the banquet board and pausing, asked: "Are all here who fought at Issos?" And Clitus, his chief lieutenant, answered him saying, "All, Alexander! all, save those who fell." "Then all," replied Alexander "all are here who fought at Issos, for the glorious dead live always in our memory."

In this vale of tears it is of little moment whether our stay be long or short, but while we tarry on life's pilgrimage, while we are wayfarers on the bosom of life's murmuring sea, let us strive to do all the good we can, and as little harm as possible, so that the world will be all the better for our having lived. This is a platform grand enough and splendid enough, and sublime enough, to invite every race, every color, every creed.

In the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington is a beautiful statue of Napoleon as he is dying at St. Helena. The capricious is represented sitting with his morning gown half unbuttoned around his naked breast, while on his lap lies spread the map of Europe. Wasted opportunities, disappointed ambition, remorse, have set their ineffable seal upon his face of wondrous beauty, but of the terrible grief. His biographer, Thiers, says he talked much of his old companions in those last days, "Shall I never see them again?" So in anguish of soul and bitterness of heart we cry aloud, "Shall we never see our absent brothers again?" "Life's fitful fever o'er, they sleep well!"

On the silent, shadowy shore of death, the sea of trouble casts no wave. They have now solved the great mystery of life.

The day will come, my brothers, when old Father Time will sprinkle a little snow upon your heads. You will feel the hand of that which will come before many morrows. You will experience the dreadful thought of the terrible parting forever. You will taste the bitterness of death. You will hear the dread summons of the black angel of death; your name will be reckoned among the "absent brothers," and added to the "In Memoriam" list of this order. The dark curtain of night will descend upon the scene of your life, and never will be raised. On your vision will be opened what lies beyond. But there is a rift in the clouds and through that rift with the eyes of faith we behold our absent brothers beckoning to us, awaiting and welcoming us with longing and outstretched arms in that land "where there will be no more parting, no more tears."

Farewell, dear absent brothers, absent in bodily presence only, in memory never. They were our brothers once; they are our brothers now. May angels strewn your paths with flowers and everlasting happiness and sunshine be yours.

PASTOR ASSUMES CHARGE.

Rev. C. H. Shurtleff, late pastor of the Advent Christian church at Lynn, Mass., began his ministry over the Portsmouth church on Sunday, and regardless of the inclement weather had large congregations. A love feast was held in the forenoon, and in the afternoon and evening there was preaching. Rev. Mr. Shurtleff was the unanimous choice of the Portsmouth church, and comes to our city under the happiest of auspices.

Now is the time to make up your mind positively that you won't give any Christmas presents this year if you can't afford it.

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NEWINGTON.

Newington, Dec. 8.

Mrs. Fenton Hall has been on Friday to visit her daughter in Wrentham, Mass.

Mrs. A. H. Hall returned from New Brunswick on Tuesday, after an absence of three weeks, where she was called by the illness and death of a brother.

Russell Standford, Jr., has returned home after a visit with relatives in town.

Miss Justine Barker of Portsmouth has been visiting a few days with her aunt, Mrs. William Furber.

Mrs. N. P. Ramsay of Mattapoisett, Mass., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Marius Frink.

Miss Lydia Barker is visiting relatives in Portsmouth.

The many friends of Mrs. Noyes, who was taken to the hospital in Portsmouth for an operation, are glad to learn that she is as comfortable as can be expected.

Miss Hope Trofetham has returned after a long visit with relatives in Beverly.

A meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held with Mrs. L. C. Pickering. Half the members and two visitors were present. After the devotional exercise, a short program was rendered, one of the selections being a song entitled "The Guide." A report of the National Convention held in Portland was read from the Union Signal. The meeting closed with the hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

CLYDE FITCH'S NEWEST PLAY.

Charles Frohman's big Boston Museum production of Clyde Fitch's newest play "The Bird in the Cage," comes to Music Hall on Friday, the 19th inst., with the most flattering reports of its successful initial presentation in that city recently. The company is one of the strongest that Mr. Frohman has ever marshalled for a play of this importance. Among the principals are Edward Harrigan, the noted character comedian; Charles Mackay, Grace Henderson, Sandel Milliken, Arnold Daly, Gay Bates Post, Jennie Satterlee and others. The scenes of the story are in Boston's immediate vicinity, and the theme is one of love, with ample intervals of comedy. It is Mr. Fitch's first play of the sort, all others that he has written being addressed to the idiosyncrasies of fashionable life.

Itching piles? Never mind if physicians have failed to cure. Tidy Doan's Ointment. No failure there. 50 cents, at any drug store.

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PICKING DUCKS.

Mr. Nebraska Lady Tells How She Does the Trick Successfully.

Though experience may be the best teacher, most of us are perfectly willing for the other fellow to learn of him while we attend some easier school. But if, as in our case, experience was the only teacher available it is only fair to give others the benefit of our schooling, especially as this is a subject of which little is written, says Mrs. Jessie T. Babcock of North Loup, Neb., in Reliable Poultry Journal.

Young ducks may be picked when fully feathered. They can be picked about once a month as a rule, though some seasons our ducks made us wait six weeks for their feathers to mature.

First drive the ducks into a small pen or house where they can be easily caught. About the handiest article to have around is a lively boy who can bring you a fresh duck and carry off your picked one as fast as necessary. Then settle yourself in a corner of the henhouse where the wind does not blow, with a big apron, a chair and a good sized box or keg for your feathers at your right and a smaller one for your down if you keep them separate. Now you are ready for your ducks. If they are ready for you. To ascertain that pull out a few of the small feathers from different parts of the body. If the end of the stem is fine pointed and hard, with no liquid matter oozing out, the feathers are "ripe" and will soon fall out of their own accord, but if the end is filled with a colorless or bloody matter the ducks may go in peace for another week or two.

When the duck is ready, lay it across your lap, tuck its head under your left arm, holding it firmly with your elbow, and grasp both feet in your left hand. If your duck is a goose, you had better draw a stocking over its head and neck—that is, if you have any feeling in your arms and side. Take only a few feathers at a time and give a quick jerk upward toward the head, except that around the tail the feathers may pull harder the other way. Be careful if your duck is young that you do not tear the skin. After picking the breast turn it on its back; then turn it end for end and, holding its neck in your hand and its feet under your arm, pick its shoulders and neck. All the small feathers on the breast and legs, around the tail, part way up the back and on the shoulders and neck may be picked. Under the wings are some downy feathers, but there is also a clump of longer ones which must not be touched. There are also other long, coarse feathers on the wings, middle of the back, sides and tail which should never be picked.

These directions apply to geese as well as to ducks, except that geese are larger and more powerful and require a stronger hand.

In very cold weather we do not pick the down, or at most only part. It seems too cruel. Sometimes there seem to be two layers, the new down coming in before the old drops out. In that case we pick only the old.

But if you want to dress a duck to eat or for market then is where the fun begins. I have known a woman to spend four or five hours on one duck. Take your duck, if possible, just as the feathers are getting ripe, before the pinfeathers start. Have everything all ready for the picking. As soon as it is killed, while still warm and bleeding, hang it up by the feet over a pail or lay it across the lap, holding the neck firmly against a box or solid object; then quickly strip off the bulk of the feathers and down. Then, commencing again with one leg and then the other and then the body, pick it the second time, but this time pick it absolutely clean as you go, grasping a very small amount of feathers and down at a time and catching them very close to the skin in such a way as to almost rub them off at the same time that you pull them. If not finished before the body gets cold, the remaining portion can be scalded as one would scald a chicken, but if scalded at the beginning the thick down will prevent the hot water from reaching the skin.

ODD FELLOWS.

Discord and Contention in the Lodge, Friendly Grips.

The question of producing harmony in a lodge where discord and strife prevail is a mixed one, says Odd Fellows Herald. A few level headed, broad minded members, imbued with the true spirit of the order, can usually handle such troubles and bring peace out of chaos. One of the best means is to let discord die of its own motion. It is short lived unless continually stirred. Discord and contention in a lodge are always caused by ignorant members because members having plenty of brains and good sense always have something else to do.

The order in Ontario is growing rapidly. The total amount of benefits paid in Ontario in 1901 was \$83,290.76, or an average of \$228.10 for every day in the year.

The reports all along the line for the past year show great growth and prosperity in every jurisdiction. With a strong pull and a pull altogether, who can estimate what the reports next year will tell?

The last term was a very successful one for the order in Mexico, Ridgely and Alemania having taken in more members than any other lodges in the history of Odd Fellowship in Mexico.

Installing officers in full dress adds a dignity and beauty to the ceremonies that are most excellent.

A veteran of veterans is Past Grand Sir Saunders of New York. He has attended fifty consecutive sessions of the sovereign grand lodge.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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About Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

They Cure Stomach Troubles And Indigestion Anyway, Whether You Have Faith In Them Or Not.

All physicians agree that the element of faith has a great deal to do in the cure of disease.

Firm belief and confidence in a family physician or the same confidence and faith in a patent medicine have produced remarkable cures in all ages.

This is especially true in nervous troubles, and no field offers so prolific a harvest for the quack and charlatan as the diseases arising from a weak or run-down nervous system.

Nevertheless, the most common of all disease, indigestion, and stomach troubles, which in turn cause nervous diseases, heart troubles, consumption, and loss of flesh, require something besides faith to cure.

More faith will not digest your food for you, will not give you an appetite, will not increase your flesh and strengthen your nerves and heart, but Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do these things, because they are composed of the elements of digestion; they contain the juices, acids and pepsins necessary to the digestion and assimilation of all wholesome food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest food if placed in a jar or bottle in water heated to 98 degrees, and they will do it much more effectively when taken into the stomach after meals, whether you have faith that they will or not.

They invigorate the stomach, make pure blood and strong nerves in the only way that nature can do it, and that is from plenty of wholesome food, well digested. It is not what we eat, but what we digest that does us good. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents for full-sized package.

Little book on cause and cure of stomach troubles mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

HEART DISEASE.

SOME FACTS REGARDING THE RAPID INCREASE OF HEART DISEASE.

Do Not Be Alarmed, But Look For the Cause.

Heart troubles, at least among Americans, are certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real, organic heart disease is incurable, but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by branches of the same great nerves, the Sympathetic and Pneumogastric.

In another way also the heart is affected by that form of poor digestion which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food; there is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest, caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence, arise palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, makes it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart. The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can best be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

It is safe to say that the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal time will cure any form of stomach trouble, except cancer of the stomach. Full sized package of the tablets sold by druggists at 50 cents.

Little book on stomach troubles mailed free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

ONLY ONE WAY

TO PURIFY THE BLOOD, INCREASE FLESH AND STRENGTH AND TO CURE INDIGESTION.

SECRET PATENT MEDICINES WILL NOT DO IT.

There is a Simpler and Better Way.

There is only one way to purify the blood, only one way to increase flesh, and that is through the stomach and the digestive organs. Make

blood and flesh, bone, nerves and sinew. Did you ever see a person blessed with a healthy, vigorous stomach and digestion who had impure blood, muddy, sallow complexion, or who had weak nerves, sleepless nights and the thousand and one pains and aches arising from poor digestion? No, because perfect digestion converts the food eaten into pure blood, strong nerves, and muscles, and all the flesh a person needs to have for health, symmetry and beauty.

Every person knows whether or not his or her digestion is what it should be, but every person does not know what is the safest and best way to secure and preserve a healthy condition of the digestive organs. It is not done by the use of any wonderful secret patent medicine, but by the use of certain harmless digestive principles, which, taken at meals, will digest the food anyway, regardless of the weak condition of the stomach.

Dr. Brooks recommends a combination of vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure aseptic pepsin, and Golden Seal, prepared in convenient tablet form, and sold by druggists everywhere under name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

These pleasant tasting tablets are to be dissolved in the mouth after each meal, and, mingling in the food in the stomach, digest it perfectly. There is nothing wonderful about this. Any physician or chemist knows that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do this because repeatedly tested and proved, and thousands of cured dyspeptics have found it to be true also.

Dr. Harlandson states that these tablets increase flesh because they digest flesh-forming food like eggs, meat and ordinary everyday food; for the same reason they purify the blood and strengthen weak nerves. In no other way can it be done, because flesh, blood and nerves are obtained from the food we eat.

Dr. Jennison once stated that he believed a 50-cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets would give more real benefit than fifty dollars' worth of ordinary doctor's fees.

These tablets may be found at any drug store.

FREE TO MILLIONS

A Valuable Little Book Sent Free For the Asking.

Medical books are not always interesting reading, especially to people enjoying good health, but as a matter of fact, scarcely one person in ten is perfectly healthy, and even with such, sooner or later, sickness must come.

It is also a well-established truth that nine-tenths of all diseases originate with a breaking down of the digestion. A weak stomach weakens and impoverishes the system, making it easy for disease to gain a foothold.

Nobody need fear consumption, kidney disease, liver trouble or a weak heart and nervous system as long as the digestion is good and the stomach able to assimilate plenty of wholesome food.

This little book treats entirely on the cause and removal of indigestion and its accompanying annoyances.

No price is asked, but simply send your name and address, plainly written on postal card, to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., requesting a little book on Stomach Diseases, and it will be sent promptly by return mail.

Dogs Dyspepsia

They do not have Dyspepsia because the stomach of a dog secretes six times as much pepsin and twice as much hydrochloric acid as the stomach of a man.



STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

Several thousands of men and women suffering from indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, acid eructations, headache, and all the ailments arising from a weak stomach, have found relief by the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

These tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents for full-sized package.

CLARK'S FEE

By John Fenwick, M. D.

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

Earl Dunbar was in sore straits. During the six months since he had hung out his meat sign, with the magic initials "M. D." after his name, only one case had come under his care—that of a baby choking on a thimble. He was in debt and at the end of the current month would be dispossessed for nonpayment of rent.

The only living relative to whom he could look for assistance was an eccentric aunt, who had never forgiven him for studying medicine. Afflicted from birth with a crooked limb, she had grown to hate the profession whose most expert surgeons could not remedy her ailment. He was wondering whether she would open any letter addressed by his hand when a loud peal from the office bell roused him to realities—and a patient.

The caller was roughly dressed, of middle age and evidently had been at



"WELL, EARL, HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT THE COST?"

tacked by illness at Dunbar's very door. He dropped wearily into the seat offered him and waved his hand in protest as Dunbar advanced with his most professional air.

"I want neither advice nor prescription," Dunbar's heart sank again. "I know what ails me, and I know the end is near. I saw you standing at the window, and I thought you had an honest face. I want you to recommend me to some private institution where I will get good care till the end, and then I want you to look after my body when I'm gone."

Dunbar was startled at this extraordinary request. He saw at a glance that the man was suffering with heart trouble and had but a short time to live. He told him of various private hospitals and incidentally administered a remedy which made the fellow more comfortable for the time being. In the course of their conversation it developed that the patient was a sailor, Clark by name, had served as mate for years and was tolerably well fixed. The two men became friendly during the hour's chat, and finally Dunbar, having nothing but time on his hands, accompanied his odd caller to the hospital.

The next day he received a note from Clark saying that his new quarters were pleasant and begging Dunbar to call upon him, professionally or otherwise, as suited his convenience. So Dunbar pushed aside all signs of anxiety about his own financial difficulties and did what he could to cheer his new friend. Ten days after their first meeting he received a note from the hospital, stating that Clark had died suddenly, leaving the sum of \$500 in the hands of the superintendent for all expenses and a note addressed to Earl Dunbar, M. D.

With the note was a chart of the Madeira Islands, with special reference to a bit of land in the easternmost group, called Deserta Isle, which to this day is uninhabited. The note was brief and to the point:

"Land on Deserta Isle at the point marked with an X. Proceed to the point marked with an anchor and dig down four feet. I have no relatives and leave you the treasure. Your friendship has been worth much to me in these last hours."

Dunbar was skeptical. He had read many tales of buried treasures and was inclined to view this tale as the child of a dying man's disordered brain. He would probably have consigned note and chart to the waste-basket but for the unexpected arrival of his old aunt.

He was not sure whether she had come to offer him sympathy and assistance in his hour of need or to gloat over his failure. Before he had recovered from his surprise she had pointed upon the chart. When she had studied this and Clark's note, she turned briskly to her nephew:

"Well, Earl, have you figured out the cost of recovering this treasure?"

"Of course not," returned Dunbar. "The sailor may have been light in his head, and it would be foolish to pay attention to such a visionary scheme."

"Nonsense, you're light in your head, from not having enough to eat, I suppose. You find out the cost. I'll foot the bill and take half of what you find."

but it was too late. She lost control of her wheel, and her efforts to regain the pedals were futile. The bicycle flew along at a fearful speed. Suddenly a blood-curdling scream reached her and Wally. The man was straining every effort to catch up with the runaway wheel, but as he heard that sound he involuntarily closed his eyes.

"Oh, God! The express!" he cried in anguish. If his wheel struck the track nothing but a miracle could save her. Only now he realized to what an extent he loved her—now that it was too late.

"Fall off!" he cried. "Don't cross the track. For God's sake, May, run into the fence—anything!" But she either did not hear or was powerless to act.

The wheel struck the track as the engine of the oncoming train turned the curve, and the girl was thrown violently to the ground, where she lay motionless just across the outer rail. The man realized in a flash that an attempt to save her meant almost certain death for him, but there was no choice. He had to cross the track himself now; he could not stop. He struck the rails. "Scree-eh!" went the whistle of the express.

"God be merciful!" prayed the man as he was thrown violently from his machine and struck with awful force the unconscious form of the girl. Then that deafening noise—the rumbling of wheels, the hissing of steam, the screech of the locomotive whistle—he heard it all. He felt himself still rolling as when he fell with such force on Miss Ward's little form. All was quiet again. He opened his eyes and looked about him. Strewed about were the remains of two bicycles—there might have been twenty for all one could tell—and—yes—here lay Miss Ward right at his back. They were not three feet away from the track.

"Thank heaven!" he said fervently. "But how did it happen?"

A little later the girl opened her eyes to find herself in Wally's arms.

"What is it?" she asked in a dazed way. "What happened?"

"I don't know. Don't ask me. I only know, darling, that you are here. Oh, May," he added in a tense voice, "I thought I had lost you! I thought we were both gone."

The girl looked at the track, where the two wheels lay smashed into a thousand fragments; then she looked back into the man's eyes and smiled wistfully.

"You risked your life to save me?" she asked in a low, earnest voice. Wally did not answer. He was bruised and bleeding.

"Why did you?" she persisted. "No, no; I did not. May, I had no choice. I deserve no credit. I must have struck you in my fall and rolled you from the track. May, dear, you are not badly hurt, are you?" And he raised her face to his.

"Wally, I—thought you didn't care for women!" she whispered, and the man had to laugh despite the situation.

Italian Mothers.

The average Italian mother, especially among the bourgeoisie, we learn from Luigi Villari's "Italian Life in Town and Country," has absolutely no notion as to how children ought to be brought up.

She indulges them in every way and lets them eat whatever they ask for and then scolds them for insufficient reasons, but hardly ever punishes them. On the other hand the father will punish his boys severely, especially if they do not do their lessons properly and so get bad marks at school. Parents are rarely able to find a just mean between absolute indulgence and unnecessary severity. Young children are allowed to hear and take part in conversation on matters of which they should know nothing. If they dine with their parents when there are guests, either they are made to keep preternaturally quiet, which is bad for them in one way, or they are permitted to make noise, chatter, throw bread balls, cry and make themselves altogether insupportable.

Month Hygiene.

Many persons are scrupulous to clean the outside of their teeth, but systematically neglect the inside, with the result that decay sets in often without their knowledge. If they understood what a rot they were putting in pickle for themselves by this omission, they would be more careful.

"Employ both sides of the jaws when chewing," says a dentist, "and try not to use your teeth as corkscrews and nutcrackers any more than you can help. While the strength and endurance of teeth are largely a matter of constitution, one may do much to preserve them by the simple negative of not abusing them. Where teeth are naturally of a yellowish tint, it is impossible to render them a blue white by any innocent means. If only teeth were kept clean and filled when they need it, no one would notice whether they were one tint or another. If the lips are a good color, they have the effect of bewitching the teeth by contrast."

Brazil's Diamond Rivers.

The geological formation of the famous diamond region in the state of Bahia, Brazil, shows that at some time in the history of the world the mountains there were thrown up in a hot mass and the carbon in the stone crystallized into gems. It was in effect one of M. Moissais's electric furnaces on a gigantic scale. In Brazilian diamond mining natural water courses play an important part. Water and the weather gradually disintegrate the rocks, and the diamonds are washed down into gullies and the beds of rivers, where they are recovered by the miners. In some places rivers are employed to work at the bottom of rivers, filling sacks with the silt that contains the diamonds. The river beds are rich in precious stones which can not be extracted at all, consequently, if at all, by the methods now in vogue.

ROYAL ARCANUM

St. Louis Arcanumites have organized a regents' association, which meets every other month, at which meeting they have a supper and spend the evening in social enjoyment and consultation as to the best methods of work.

The order is very strong in New Jersey, and the enthusiasm in the Garden State is kept at fever heat by constant introduction of novelties, district meetings or fraternal gatherings, which are held from twice to three times a month in each section of the state.

Good gains in membership have been made in Massachusetts recently by class initiations. The membership in the Bay State is over 20,000.

Remember that the question of success or failure, progress or retrogression, depends just as much upon the membership as it does on the management.

The membership of the order Sept. 20, by returns in the supreme secretary's office, was 247,991 in 1995 councils.

AT THE TELEPHONE

She (standing at the instrument and not ringing)—Four fifty-three, four—fifty-three! (Repeating last figure) Three! One—two—three! Yes! Can't you hear?

Telephone (spitefully)—Buzz, buzz, br-r-r-r, buzz!

She (stirred)—Oh, gracious me! What makes them ring in one's ear! (Catches at a voice) Hello!

Telephone (in her ear)—Buzz, br-r-r-r!

She (irritated)—This awful phone! (Again hopeful) Hello! Who's this?

That you, Jeannette? Hello! Hello!

Feminine voice (interrupts)—A good soup bone—

Another Feminine Voice—Write of ten—

Central (sharply)—Got them?

She—No; not yet.

Telephone (in her ear)—Br-r-r-r-r-r-r.

br-r-r-r-r-r-r!

She (flinching, but holding her place)—Hello! I want Miss Black. That you?

What? This is Estler Keyes—Keyes—Keyes! Can't you get back tonight—

Central (sharply)—Through?

She (wildly)—No, no! Keep out, please! Hello! Oh, dear, they've cut us off! (Rings like mad) Br-r-r-r-r-r-r!

Central—Number?

She—Four—five—three.

Telephone (in her ear)—Buzz, click!

She (thinking she has connection)—Hello, hello!

Heavy Voice (in professional tones)—And how's the cod?

She (compassionately while waiting)—I wonder who it is that's sick.

(Brightens up suddenly) Hello! That you? Let's try again. I said, Can't you get back tonight—What? Louder, please!

Heavy Voice (interrupting)—Two colored men!

Telephone (in her ear)—Br-r-r-r-r-r-r!

Same Voice—I guess the fee's all right—

She (desperately)—Hello! Is Miss Black there? Black! Black! She is? I merely want to know if she can't manage to come back—

Person at the Other End—This here's the cemetery.

She (aghast, hastily jabbing receiver on its hook)—Oh!—Edwin L. Sabin in Lippincott's Magazine.

Mississippi—A Tragedy.

ACT I.

The Colonel—Where is the guide?

The Cook—Posing for his photograph.

ACT II.

The Colonel—Where is the bear?

The Guide—Posing for his photograph.

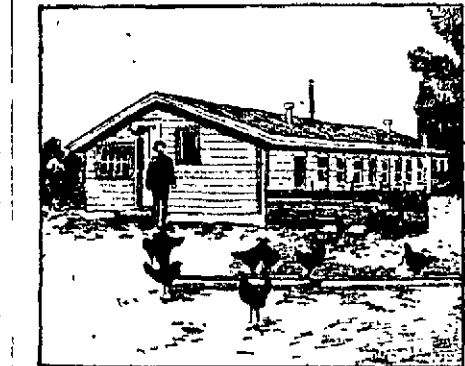
ACT III.

The Colonel—Where is the photographer?

The Guide—In the bear, dadgum! his pesky hide!—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Winter House.

Mr. J. H. Doane, Gouverneur, N. Y., breeds Black Minorcas exclusively. He has been an exhibitor at New York since 1898 and has won there every year. Mr. Doane several years ago had some of his best birds frosted just as they were ready to start for the New York show, and he has planned and



MR. DOANE'S NEW HOUSE.

built a new house to prevent a recurrence of such misfortune. The building is frostproof. Extending its whole length on the north side is a row of coops for sitting and training exhibition birds. These coops possess 254 by 4 feet floor space. They combine light, warmth and proper ventilation. —Reliable Poultry Journal.

Save Table Scraps.

It is a good plan to have a pot on the kitchen stove into which scraps of bread, vegetables, meat, the scrapings of the dinner dishes, etc., can be placed and permitted to boil much or little, as may be convenient. If the compound is too thin, a little cornmeal may be added. This is excellent "egg food" for hens and "growing food" for young chicks and crowing food for the economical old cock-a-doodle-do.



Wherever I go and wherever I be I find it far better than coffee or tea.

For breakfast or luncheon or dinner give me

Cream of Chocolate.

No beverage of modern times equals Cream of Chocolate in flavor, purity, convenience and economy.

It is a new preparation of the cocoa bean combined with pure rich cream and loaf sugar.

Always ready for instant use—needs only boiling water—a child can prepare it, all well-known chefs use it for every description of cooking where chocolate and cream are needed.

ASK YOUR DEALER

If he cannot supply you send us 25 cents and we will send you a 1/2 lb. can postpaid and a coupon giving you a chance in our Grand Prize Raffle contest.

CREAM OF CHOCOLATE CO., Danvers, Mass.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital. \$200,000.

OFFICERS.

CALVIN PAGE, President.

JOHN W. SANBORN, Vice President.

ALFRED F. HOWARD, Secretary.

JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.

JUSTIN V. H

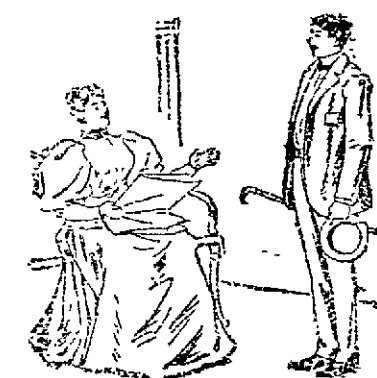
HERE AT HOME.

Portsmouth Citizens Gladly Testify.

It is testimony like the following that has placed the old Quaker remedy so far above competitors. When people fight here at home raise their voices in praise, there is no room left for doubt. Read the public statement of a Portsmouth citizen.

Mrs. C. H. Gould, of 12 Cass street says: "Reading one evening in a newspaper I came across an advertisement about Doan's Kidney Pills and it occurred to me that they would be good for my son. He had weak kidneys for years, having been injured by a fall from a cow. For a long time after the mischance it was thought he would not recover and when he was able to get around, his kidneys were in a very serious condition. Finally it developed into a very bad back accompanied with urinary weakness, dizziness and pains in the head. I got Doan's Kidney Pills for him at Phillips' pharmacy in the Franklin block. They proved to be the very thing he required. The aching and the lameness in the back stopped. The urinary weakness was corrected and in all other ways he was improved."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you any time.

HAUGH,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR
20 High Street.

OLIVER W. HAM.
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
60 Market Street.
Furniture Dealer
—AND—
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.
Telephone 59-2.

Cash
FOR YOUR REAL ESTATE OR BUSINESS
Anywhere in New England. Sent full of rates. When please, your insurance, member the old firm, Hays & George. Jett, cash.

FOR SALE—Carriage, Jobbing and Horse Shoeing Business. A rare chance for a young man to continue. Established about 50 years. Terms liberal, as I am not able to continue in it. Apply to G. J. Greenleaf, back of Post Office.

INSURANCE—Strong companies and low rates. When please, your insurance, member the old firm, Hays & George. Jett, cash.

CRUISE—You can buy groceries, at a kind of store, provisions and vegetables at W. H. Smith's as cheap as at any place in the city.

A YOUNG MAN (30) wishes to and for a wife in a private family. Price must be moderate. H. P. W., Box 3265, Boston, Mass. Jett, cash.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
Original and Only Genuine.
SAFE. Antiseptic. Indigestion, constipation, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and all other ailments of the system. Take one or two pills at bedtime. They are sold everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper. Testimonials on bottles. For full particulars, send for free literature. Chichester Chemical Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

HIS FINAL LEAVE.

Washington Bids Farewell To
Ex-Speaker Reed.

Will Return To His Old Home
Cold In Death.

Sympathy Of The President Extended
To The Bereaved Family.

Washington, Dec. 7.—The body of Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed, who died early this morning, left here this afternoon for Portland, Me., his former home, where the interment will take place Tuesday afternoon. It was accompanied by Mrs. Reed, Miss Catherine Reed, the former speaker's daughter, Hon. Amos L. Allen, Mr. Reed's successor in the house of representatives, Asher C. Hinds, Mr. Reed's parliamentary clerk while speaker, and Augustus G. Payne of New York, a life long friend.

At Mrs. Reed's request there were no ceremonies of any kind here and at Portland they will be of a simple character.

During the entire day there was a stream of sympathetic callers at the Arlington hotel, where the body lay. They included President and Mrs. Roosevelt and members of the cabinet, of the senate and house of representatives and of the diplomatic corps.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FIRES.

Flames Cause Serious Losses In Peterborough And Whitefield.

Peterborough, N. H., Dec. 7.—Tarbell's block, a three story granite building owned by A. B. Tarbell, was gutted by fire early today, causing a loss of \$15,000 on the building and \$20,000 on personal property.

The building, which was one of the most important in town, contained six stores, five of which were occupied, four offices and three tenements.

The principal losers are Henry S. Peabody, a dealer in small wares, over \$7000, Mrs. F. K. Langley, milliner, \$5000, and Frank E. Russell, boots and shoes, \$2000.

Overheated Stove Causes Damage.

The Weirs, N. H., Dec. 7.—The large mill factory, together with the adjoining buildings owned by the Brown Lumber company, in Whitefield was burned last night, entailing a loss of \$25,000, fully covered by insurance.

The fire started from an overheated stove.

GUILFORD MEETS MISFORTUNE.

The Principal Block Of The Town Destroyed By Fire.

Guilford, Me., Dec. 7.—Fire early today destroyed Guilford's principal business block, caused a financial loss of fully \$22,000 and left five secret societies without a meeting place in this town.

The building was owned by Henry Douglas and Good Cheer lodge of Odd Fellows. A defective chimney is believed to have been the cause of the fire.

THEY NEED GUARDIANS.

Discharged Soldiers Will Not Be Allowed To Come Home Alone.

Manila, Dec. 7.—The disorderly behavior of some of the discharged soldiers, who are going home on the transport Logan, has led Gen. Davis to order a company of infantry aboard to act as a special guard.

The company will accompany the transport to San Francisco and then return here.

SUCCUMBED TO COLD.

Man Meets Death In The Snow Near East Kingston.

East Kingston, Dec. 7.—The body of an unknown man, who had evidently been frozen to death was found lying on the roadside near this village on Sunday. His horse was standing close beside him. There appeared to be no reason why the man should

not have been able to reach shelter before being overcome by the cold and the people of East Kingston are considerably mystified.

Later in the day the body was identified as that of Charles M. Clark, who lived across the Massachusetts line, by a stranger who said that he was the unfortunate man's son and who gave his place of residence as Amesbury.

The body now lies in the East Kingston town hall, where an inquest is being held.

NAST IS DEAD.

The Famous Cartoonist Passes Away In A Foreign Land.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Dec. 7.—Consul General Thomas Nast, formerly well known as the political cartoonist for Harper's Weekly, died here today after a three day's illness. The interment took place at five o'clock this afternoon.

The funeral was attended by the governor, the consular corps, the American colony and by many friends.

The death of Mr. Nast is deeply lamented by the natives, who held him in high esteem.

HE CHOSE DEATH.

Member Of English Rifle Team Commits Suicide.

London, Dec. 7.—While the Cunard steamer Etruria was ascending the Mersey Saturday morning, Col. Lamb, a member of the English rifle team returning from the international competition in Canada committed suicide. He shot the top of his entirely away with his rifle.

NAVAL ORDERS.

These naval orders have just been issued:

Medical Director F. M. Gunnell, retired, to the bureau of medicine and surgery, Washington, D. C.

Pay Inspector H. E. Drury, from the New York, home to await orders.

Paymaster J. C. Sullivan, to report at the navy yard, Washington, for examination; then to await orders.

Passed Assistant Paymaster W. V. H. Rose, from the naval station, Key West, Fla., to hold himself in readiness for orders to sea.

Passed Assistant Paymaster C. Morris, Jr., from the navy yard, Puget Sound, Wash., to hold himself in readiness for orders to sea.

Passed Assistant Paymaster F. W. Hart, to the naval station, Key West, as pay officer, purchasing pay officer and general storekeeper.

Chaplain J. B. Frazier, from the naval training station, San Francisco, Cal., to the Pensacola.

Secretary Moody has ordered Paymaster John C. Sullivan before the retiring board of examination to determine his capability for further active duty.



Reports read at the recent session of the grand lodge of Illinois show a present total of 633 lodges in the Prairie State and 50,000 members. This is an increase of about 3,000 members since last reports.

During the year 565 new members and nine new lodges have been added in Oklahoma.

The following have recently been elected grand chancellors: General James Barkley, Illinois; Champ Green, Wisconsin; E. O. Eames, Missouri, and H. G. Beard, Oklahoma.

The grand lodge of Missouri has unanimously indorsed the insurance branch of the order.

At the last session of the supreme lodge the amendment offered in 1900 allowing grand lodges the option of meeting annually or biennially was finally adopted, thirty domains voting in favor of the amendment and twenty-one in the negative.

Brotherhood of the Union.

Reports read at the recent session of the supreme circle show the past year has been a prosperous one for the entire order.

The number of members at the last report was 21,286. During the year 3,456 were initiated and 2,059 suspended for nonpayment of dues.

The present membership is 22,605, a net increase for the year of 1,319.



Every man who provides for his family in event of his death is a public benefactor.

The national fraternal congress has unanimously indorsed the temple of fraternity movement.

Each week the societies disburse practically \$1,500,000 for the benefit of widows and orphans.

The man who expects his business to run itself will be disappointed; likewise members who expect their lodge to grow without effort will find that they are mistaken.

IF YOU ARE SICK

And need medicine for your
Kidneys, Liver, Bladder or
Blood, get the Best.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite
Remedy.

If you are suffering from kidney or bladder disease, the doctor asks: "Do you desire to urinate often, and are you compelled to get up frequently during the night? Does your back pain you? Does your urine stain linen? Is there a scalding pain in passing it, and is it difficult to hold the urine back? If so, your kidneys or bladder are diseased."

Try putting some of your urine in a glass tumbler, let it stand twenty-four hours. If there is a sediment, or a cloudy, milky appearance, your kidneys are sick. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will surely relieve and cure the most distressing cases of these dread diseases, and no physician can prescribe a medicine that equals it for kidney, liver, bladder and blood diseases, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation.

Walter D. Miller, of Delhi, N. Y., writes:

"I suffered for years with kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, at times it was so bad I could hardly walk. My stomach also troubled me and I frequently had twinges of rheumatism. I suffered a great deal and received no benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. After taking it a short while it cured me."

It is for sale by all druggists in the New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles—less than a cent a dose. Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Drops instant relief. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bruises, Burns. 25c, 50c.

TOWN IMPROVEMENT.

Plan to Interest the Government In the Matter.

The effort to form a union of all organizations that have for their object the beautifying of towns and cities which will be made in connection with the convention of the American Park and Outdoor association in Buffalo next year will be widely approved, says the Buffalo Express. Most of the large cities and many towns and villages have such associations and would gladly join in the proposed movement.

One of the objects of forming a union is to interest the government in the work and get its support to the extent of collecting and making public information on the subject, with photographs, etc., showing what can be done by organized effort. The government's work would presumably be largely to show what has been done in foreign towns and cities. The individual organizations have accomplished much as it is, but there is a limitless field in which to work, and government aid would be valuable.

Every city in the country and many towns are, for example, filled with unsightly billboards and display advertising in the form of immense paintings on buildings, etc. The improvement societies have given their attention to this matter for a long time, with considerable success. The courts in several states have upheld the right of a city to regulate the size of billboards, and there is every reason for believing that in the not distant future billboards will have disappeared from towns and cities.

The care and planting of trees and shrubs, straightening the sidewalk lines, removal of sidewalk and lot fences and the beautifying of back yards are a few of the other changes which should be made in towns and cities. The question of architecture is another important point. There is plenty of work to be done in improvement, and any movement such as the proposed union of the separate societies which promises to help the cause should be heartily supported.

VILLAGE ATTRACTIONS.

Something Needed to Offset Use of Modern Conveniences.

Telephones, rural mail routes, interurban and trolley lines have had the effect, it is said, of making small towns and villages more quiet than formerly, says the Indianapolis Journal. Now that the farm telephone has come into use, its owner does not "hitch up" and go to the village as formerly to do his errands. He telephones to the storekeeper his order for goods and asks him to send them out by trolley or by the first man traveling that way; he consults the doctor over the telephone and talks with his friends in the village in the same way.

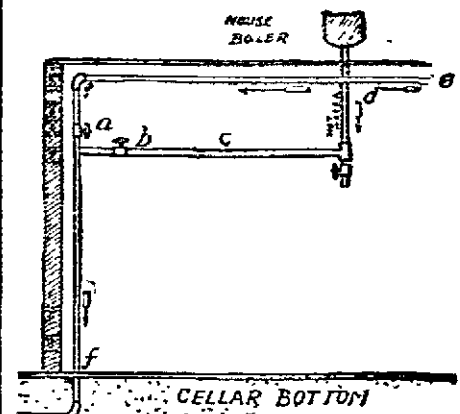
The mail is brought to his gate and thus relieves him of the necessity of a daily trip. His relations with the blacksmith remain unchanged, for no way has been yet devised whereby that useful personage can shoe a horse or mend a wagon without having horse and vehicle present, but these needs are not of daily occurrence, and so it happens that the little street or open square which was wont to seem almost crowded with horses and vehicles at certain hours every day or on certain days in the week now often wears a deserted look, and the residents are conscious of a sense of loneliness.

They say, too, that when once a man gets on a trolley car with intent to make a purchase he goes to a larger town and that this is particularly true of his wife or daughter on a similar errand. All this is a natural but rather curious development following the extended use of modern conveniences, and what remedy the village has is not plain. Its only hope is apparently to establish attractions of a social or educational nature that will offset the loss in other directions and will draw its rural neighbors there for amusement and entertainment.

WARM WATER FOR CATTLE.

Device For Conducting Warm Water From Dwelling to Barn.

The subjoined diagram, taken from American Agriculturist, illustrates how easily water can be warmed in a small way where both house and barn are furnished with running water and moderate plumbing arrangements. The pipe marked e f, running through the loose collar, furnishes water to the house and barn. By means of two



PLAN OF DEVICE.

short pipes, c d, the pipe from the hot water boiler in the house is connected with the pipe e f, which, as before stated, supplies the barn with cold water.

Then all that is necessary to fill the barn tub with warm water is to open the valve b and shut valve a, thus letting the warm water from the house boiler into the pipe which goes to the barn and shutting off the flow of cold. This clever little scheme has worked successfully on an up to date farm in Amherst, Mass., and has furnished warm water to four cows and two or three horses for several winters. The only objection is that the good housewife sometimes objects to having her supply of hot water exhausted two or three times a day.

A Greek God.

"She used to say she'd never marry a man who wasn't as beautiful as a Greek god. What is her husband like?" "Well, he's left handed, cross eyed, stammers and has a 'game' leg. He may be a Greek god turned inside out, though."—Washington Times.

A Dubious Compliment.

"They have named a brand of cigars for Barker." "I should consider that quite an honor." "You wouldn't if you knew the cigars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I sleep well enough at night,
And the blindest appetite
Ever mortal man possessed."

Riley's farmer is the very picture of a man advanced in years, yet in the enjoyment of perfect health. A good appetite, good digestion and sound sleep, are the chief factors in a vigorous old age.

Life is sustained by food, when it is properly digested and assimilated. When digestion fails, there is a loss of nutrition which soon shows itself in physical weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It strengthens the body in the only way possible,—by enabling the assimilation of the nutrition extracted from food.

"I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' a year ago this spring, writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana. 'Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief as I had suffered so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me no good. I got down in weight to 75 pounds, and was not able to work at all. Now I weigh nearly 150 and can do a day's work on the farm. I have recommended your medicine to several, and shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Pierce and his medicines.'"

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

H. W. NICKERSON
LICENSED EMBALMER

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
8 Daniel Street, Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON,
BLACKSMITH

EXPERT HORSE SHOEER.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.

NO. 118 MARKET ST.

W. E. Paul
RANGES

—AND—
PARLOR STOVES
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

39 to 45 Market Street



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

Now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

7-20-4
10c CIGAR

Londres & Perfecto shapes will be packed in handsome souvenir boxes for the holidays. Place your orders early.

For sale by all first class dealers in New England.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,
Manchester, N. H.

STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past 20 years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works.

And he received the commendation of the most Architects and Engineers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY
JOHN B. BROUGHTON

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

New Yarns From Washington

(Special Correspondence.)

Washington, Dec. 2.—With congress in session Washington is herself again. It is pleasant to see the solons, many of whose faces are familiar through long public service, here in their places and to meet them again in the corridors and cloakrooms and listen to their stories and experiences, though some of these we have heard over and over for the past decade. However, this is to be expected, but the congressional humorists and story tellers have enough new material on tap to relieve the stress and strain of legislative activity. The everyday experience in the national capital when congress is in session furnish many pleasing incidents, which when recounted in the capitol cloakrooms and hotel corridors with proper embellishments give zest and piquancy to Washington life.

The other day the venerable and dignified senator from Massachusetts while showing some Bay State



HE WAS SHOWING VISITORS ABOUT TOWN. Visitors about town pointed out a magnificent old residence built years ago by a famous and rather shady lawyer of his time.

"Why," asked one of the party, "was he able to build a house like that by his practice?"

"Yes," gravely replied Senator Hoar, "by his practice and his practices."

"Private" John Allen, former representative from Mississippi and the recognized wit of several congresses, chanced to be in Washington while President Roosevelt was on his recent bear hunt in the canebrakes of the former's state. "Private" Allen, who acquired that honorable title by reason of his frequent declaration that he was proud to have been the only private in either army, was met by a friend on Pennsylvania avenue while here.

"Hello, Private," said the friend jocularly, "how does it happen that when President Roosevelt is shooting bears down in your state you are keeping so far away?"

"Sh-h-h!" said Allen mysteriously, and taking his interrogator by the lapel of the coat he led him into a doorway. "Keep it quiet," he whispered darkly, "but the reason is I'm a bear."

In view of the fact that the president bagged no big game on his late hunting expedition, it is inferred that most of the other Mississippi bears exercised the same sagacity as "Private" Allen and got out of the state.

Few government reports issued this fall have attracted so much attention as that given to the report and recommendations of the adjutant general of the army.

General Corbin discussed the canteen briefly, but pointedly, commented adversely upon the tendency of young officers to get married when their pay was scarcely sufficient for one, and recommended the instruction of soldiers in vocal music and the encouragement of regimental airs and ditties. Every one in Washington has been talking about that report.

"It isn't every day," said an officer in speaking of it, "that you can get a 'wine, women and song' report like that."

Among the recent interesting and interested visitors at the national capital were two small boys from East Orange, N. J. Their excursion was wholly without the knowledge of their fond parents, and consequently a couple of District policemen were waiting at the railroad station to greet them. As the

detectives marched the boys off the platform and over to the station house one of them said wistfully:

"Have we got to go back to East Orange without seeing the capitol after all?"

This was too much for the sympathetic detectives, and when an

father arrived on the next train the local Hawkshaw interceded for the young Jerseyans. Paternal wrath melted into paternal pride, and with the detectives as guides the enterprising youths spent a never to be forgotten day exploring the glories of the city.

When the runaways left Washington for their home, two more contented and self-satisfied youngsters could not be found anywhere, and even the erstwhile angry father seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

There is already some speculation among representatives who will come back to the next congress as to the proper term by which to address Prince Kanio Kalauiuaole, the delegate elect from the territory of Hawaii, who will be seated at the opening of the Fifty-seventh congress. Now, as everybody knows, he is a "prince of the blood," Hawaiian blood, but royal blood, just the same, such as it is, and is really the first son of royalty to break into the American congress.

Very likely most of his colleagues will fall into the habit of calling him just as he is called at home, "Prince Cupid."

Those who want to avoid such familiarity may designate him as Prince Kanio, which is correct, though as the title of the representative of free and independent people it sounds somewhat incongruous.

Some may insist on Mr. Kalauiuaole, but the name is so long and so intricate in vowels that few who are not acquainted with the Kanaka language would care to try it.

The prince is a good fellow and has some idea about republican institutions, which cannot be said of all the prominent Hawaiians. He is handsome, but dark skinned, with very black hair and mustache.

Speaking of the president and his hunting experiences, here is a new story about his recent turkey hunt on the Bull Run battleground.

The president left the turkey blind and started through a great stretch of woodland. He was guided by one of the mighty hunters of the region and was accompanied by William Hayden, whose plantation adjoins that of Representative Ricker, on which the president had been hunting.

The party walked several miles when Mr. Hayden, looking quizzically at the guide, said, "Mr. —, you are lost."

"Not a bit of it," replied the guide. "What makes you think we are lost?" asked the president.

"Well," replied Mr. Hayden, "there is the sun to the south. We all know that the sun is in that part of the heavens. To reach our destination we should be going due west. We are going due east."

"That is enough for me," cried the president. "I always follow a man who steers in the woods by the sun or the stars."

Mr. Hayden took the president home in a bee line.

Among the wealth of incidents and anecdotes regarding Wu Ting Fang, the former Chinese minister, now recalled by reason of his recent departure from Washington, is one told of a visit made by him to a famous and exclusive girls' college, where the daughter of a well known Washington general was a student. Mr. Wu has always been interested in the scholastic attainments of his young friend. The president

was exceedingly proud of the executive mansion and do not propose to have it occupied as a bachelor's hall. Society of the state looks upon the mansion as a place for its annual ball and other social functions, and matrons demand that the governor elect install a wife as mistress in the house.

How far the matrimonial pledges of the bachelor candidates went in securing their endorsement at the polls is of course a matter of speculation. Anyway they were elected, and "it is up to them to make good."

The governor elect is a man in the prime of life and one whom, according to the estimate of his friends, any woman might be proud to marry.

Mr. Bailey was born in Carroll county, Ill., on Oct. 12, 1864. He was educated in the Mount Carroll high school and graduated from the University of Illinois in June, 1879. Following his graduation he went to Kansas and took up farming and stock raising, which he still follows successfully. He founded the town of Baileyville in Nemaha county, where he now lives. Early after his arrival in Kansas he took to politics and has been most of the time a worker in the Republican ranks. He has been a member of the Kansas legislature and congressman at large from Kansas.

From Chicago there comes a story that the reason Mr. Bailey never wed is that during his life as a student at the University of Illinois he was fitted by a charming girl and that he then swore never again to trust a woman.

Whether this is true or false Mr. Bailey refuses to say, though he does not have the characteristics of a woman hater.

The lieutenant governor elect is a younger man than the governor elect, but no less amiable and worthy of a good wife. He is a good deal of a society man and is possessed of abundant means for sustaining a wife in the position to which he has attained by his ability and the suffrage of the people.

Mr. Hanna insists that he promised that if the state convention nominated him for governor, for which place he was also an aspirant, he would find a wife in Kansas before he day of his inauguration. As he was nominated for the second place on the ticket, he now pleads that he is not bound to comply with that promise.

While his constituents reluctantly admit the logic of Mr. Hanna's argument, they think it is a pretty small excuse and are anxious that he as well as the governor elect should wed. A double wedding, with the successful candidates as the bridegrooms and Kansas belles as the brides, would make every one in the state happy.

THE SURVEY OF THE college came to an abrupt end, and with a sigh of relief Mr. Wu escaped to make his call.

SAMUEL HUBBARD.

"THAT STRUCTURE COST \$1,000,000."

dent of the college, duly impressed with the importance of a visit by the Chinese minister, at once took the distinguished visitor in hand and proceeded to march him round the college grounds, telling him the history and purpose of each building and incidentally expanding on the glory of the institution. For an hour Mr. Wu listened. At last they reached the finest of the college buildings. Here the president paused and said impressively:

"This structure cost \$1,000,000 and is the finest building of its kind in the world."

"Ah, really," said Mr. Wu blandly. "And could you tell me how Miss — (naming his young friend) does in her studies?"

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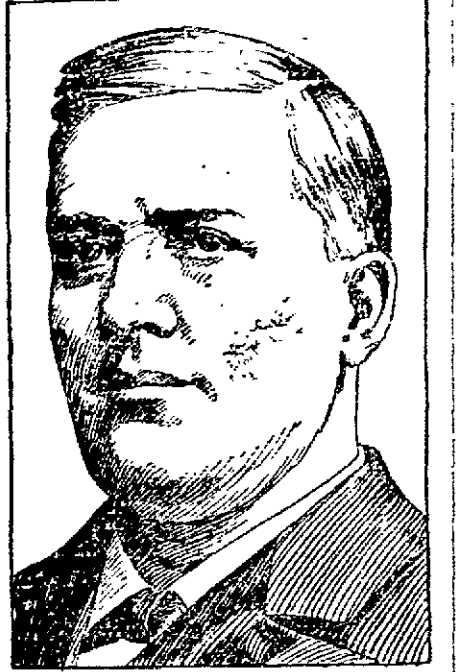
SAMUEL HUBBARD.

Kansas Executives Looking For Wives

(Special Correspondence.)

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 1.—In order to make good their anti-matrimonial pledges, Governor Eliot, Wills J. Bailey and Lieutenant Governor Eliot David J. Hanna, both bachelors, are searching for wives. At least they ought to be searching for wives, and very industriously, too, since they have only a month's grace, it being understood as part of the agreement that they should be married before their inauguration on Jan. 1.

The people of Kansas believe it is not good for man to be alone, particularly as there are in Kansas so many



WILLS J. BAILEY.

bright and pretty girls who with reasonable and proper wooing would make good wives. So when these ambitious bachelors sought the nominations of governor and lieutenant governor they were quietly but frankly told that they lacked one of the essential requisites of good citizenship. This the candidates intimated was a defect that might be easily remedied and promised to speedily lead to the hymeneal altar blushing Kansas belles. Of course the pledges were not made formally upon the floor of the convention, nor reaffirmed in their speeches of acceptance, but are regarded by all good Kansans as just as binding as though they had been incorporated in the platform with a string of whereases as long as the moral law.

An especial reason why Kansans want their governor at least to be a married man is this:

The session of the legislature two years ago appropriated money for the purchase of an executive mansion. A \$70,000 home for the governor was selected, and Governor Stanley, who retires in January, was the first executive to occupy it.

The people of the Sunflower State are exceedingly proud of the executive mansion and do not propose to have it occupied as a bachelor's hall. Society of the state looks upon the mansion as a place for its annual ball and other social functions, and matrons demand that the governor elect install a wife as mistress in the house.

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HENRY W. MILLER.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

Mark Twain on Editing Obituaries.

How Barrie Works.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Dec. 2.—Anything new from the pen of Mark Twain is always appreciated, at least by most of us. It is sure to be funny, and even if it isn't so scintillatingly funny as some other things we have read or heard, it comes from the man to whom we owe half a century of laughter, from one who, in his cheery, unselfish, kindly way, means to be funny to the very end.

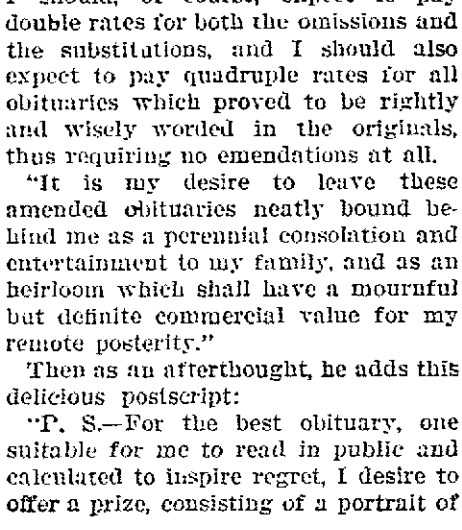
So we laugh quite heartily with Mark when he addresses the newspaper editors, through the form of a simulated advertisement in Harper's Weekly, on the subject of obituaries. He asks of them the privilege of editing the obituary notices of himself which they may happen to have on hand. "This not for present profit further than as concerns my family," he explains, "but as a favorable influence usable on the other side, where there are some who are not friendly to me."

"It is my desire that such journals and periodicals as have obituaries of me lying in their pigeon-holes, with a view to sudden use some day, will not wait longer, but will publish them now and kindly send me a marked copy. I will correct them—not the facts, but the verdicts—striking out such clauses as could have a deleterious influence on the other side, and replacing them with clauses of a more judicious character. I should, of course, expect to pay double rates for both the omissions and the substitutions, and I should also expect to pay quadruple rates for all obituaries which proved to be rightly and wisely worded in the originals, thus requiring no emendations at all."

"It is my desire to leave these amended obituaries neatly bound behind me as a perennial consolation and entertainment to my family, and as an heirloom which shall have a mournful but definite commercial value for my remote posterity."

Then as an afterthought, he adds this delicious postscript:

"P. S.—For the best obituary, one suitable for me to read in public and calculated to inspire regret, I desire to offer a prize, consisting of a portrait of



MARK TWAIN'S PICTURE OF HIMSELF.

Mark Twain's picture of himself. He is a good deal of a society man and is possessed of abundant means for sustaining a wife in the position to which he has attained by his ability and the suffrage of the people.

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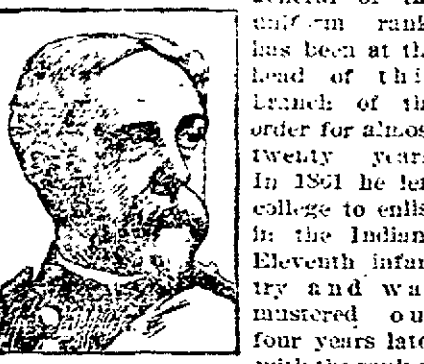
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Knights of Pythias

General James R. Carnahan of Indiana, who has been re-elected major general of the



MAJOR GENERAL CARNAHAN.

order for almost twenty years. In 1891 he left college to enlist in the Indiana Eleventh infantry and was mustered out four years later with the rank of captain. He then returned to his

studies, graduating from Wabash college and the Indiana Law school. General Carnahan joined the uniform rank in 1874 and in 1884 was elected major general of the order, which rank he has held continuously ever since. His history of the Knights of Pythias and handbook of drill tactics have attracted wide attention.

The death loss in the endowment rank has been remarkably light recently. In July the death loss reported was \$110,000; in August, \$92,000, and in September was \$95,000.

Jouett Henry, who was recently elected grand chancellor of Kentucky, is lieutenant colonel of the Third Kentucky regiment and went with it to Porto Rico during the Spanish-American war. He is also mayor of Hopkinsville.

At the recent session of the grand lodge of Missouri a resolution was adopted instructing the grand chancellor to confer with the grand chancellors of Iowa, Illinois, Kansas and Arkansas regarding a grand jubilee to be held in Kansas City this winter.

Grand Chancellor Cushing of Illinois has objected to the stag parties introduced into several Chicago lodges, declaring that they are demoralizing.

MASONIC.

Royal Arch Masons in the United States—Trusteeship Designs.

The New York grand chapter Royal Arch Masons has the largest membership in this country, 22,187, says the Keystone. Pennsylvania is second, with 18,410; Illinois third, with 17,534; Massachusetts has 16,270; Ohio, 16,228; Michigan, 13,993; total membership in United States of Royal Arch Masons, 223,834, including 6,215 of Canada.

The book of books, on which Washington was obligated in Masonry, was in the possession of a British regiment and twice captured by the American forces and twice returned with Masonic honors and today is in the possession of the Forty-sixth regiment of British foot soldiers.—Masonic Herald.

At the recent session of the grand lodge of Illinois the grand orator was Richard Yates, governor of the state.

The total membership of the Ohio jurisdiction on Aug. 31 was 33,959, a gain of 3,025 in the past year.

In California an applicant who has lost the use of his right arm is inadmissible.

True Masonry has nothing to fear from the counterfeiters that wear the mask of the genuine. There was never a genuine good thing, from a United States gold note to a proprietary medicine, that did not have imitators. But avoid all counterfeiters and imitators.

There is no aristocracy in Masonry save that of brains.

If any are inclined to grieve over the paucity of work, let them look at the last report of the grand chapter of Nevada after twenty-nine years' work. Only seven chapters and 369 members, an average of forty-four to a chapter; fifteen exaltations, or an average of two to a chapter, although three chapters had no exaltations. But the grand chapter goes patiently on and gets out excellent proceedings.—Masonic Token.

Rochester, N. Y., has the largest Masonic lodge in the world, Genesee Falls, with a membership of 1,100, and it has recently developed that the only Japanese in the world who has become a member of all the York Rite bodies and of the Scottish Rite bodies, the Shrine and the Groto is a member of Genesee Falls lodge.—Masonic Standard.

If you take no interest in your lodge, your lodge is liable to lose interest in you.

Knights of Khorassan.

Sent On Sed temple of Des Moines has over 1,000 members.

Over 4,000 application cards were sold during September by the Imperial secretary.

An application for a charter has been received from Newport News, Va.

FRATERNAL MISCELLANY

The number of lapses in 1901 reported recently by the fifty-one societies holding membership in the fraternal congress was 301,628, the lapse rate being ninety-seven per thousand.

When one takes out fraternal protection, he eliminates the chance of loss through his death.

Jackson, Ga., is one of the most remarkable cities in the state from a social order standpoint. It has more lodges of the different orders than perhaps any other place of ten times its size in Georgia.

An institution devised for the benefit and betterment of mankind is the manner in which fraternity has been described.

MASONIC.

Masons to Be Found in Every Country—Temple Chips.

In every country and in every clime Masons are to be found, and upon every continent on the face of the globe there are regularly constituted and recognized Masonic lodges. In Europe, from the snow clad mountains of Norway, the Land of the Midnight Sun, to the vine covered hills of Italy, there is one unbroken line of Masonic altars. Even in Spain and Portugal, under the shadow of religious superstition; in Turkey, the center of the Mohammedan faith, and in darkest Russia, where freedom and liberty are banished, the lights of Masonry are burning upon pillars of strength and beauty. Freemasonry will always endure, its light will ever shine, and its influence will never cease to elevate mankind and lift him upward.—Grand Orator Hart of California.

Pennsylvania has six lodges and three Royal Arch chapters named after George Washington.

In New South Wales the Freemasons' Benevolent institution affords support to thirty-four annuitants at a cost of \$2,700, and its funds amount to \$30,000.

W. A. Bolt has been elected grand master of Ohio and Orrin S. Henderson grand master of California.

The grand lodge of Illinois donated \$1,000 to the Fraternal building at the world's fair in St. Louis.

The Masonic bodies of Rome, N. Y., have decided to build a Masonic temple. The amount of capital stock is to be \$20,000.

How many nonaffiliates there are! "The woods are full of them," says the Keystone. How shall we win them back? Vain effort. Retain all you have by making Masonry what it ought to be—always and everywhere. The way to cure nonaffiliation is to prevent it. Make lodge meetings attractive. To do otherwise is to drive the membership away.

There are no "squabbles" in the lodge where the brethren understand and practice the Masonic tenets of "brotherly love, relief and truth."

If lodges in general will adopt the practice and cultivation of vocal and instrumental music at all their meetings, whether there is work to be done or not, there will arise a new interest throughout the brotherhood.—Masonic Herald.

The grand lodge of Montana is considering by committee the formation of a Masonic home. One thousand dollars was recently transferred to the fund to found a home, the invested funds of which amount to \$13,408.97.

During September 4,634 new certificates were written and charters for sixty-eight new camps issued.

The Modern Woodmen of America is a financially strong society, having more than one-half million surplus on hand in its general fund.

The death rate ran very low for September, being only \$416,500, while the losses for August amounted to \$425,000.

The great strength of Modern Woodmen of America has come because of its representative form of government and the fact that no law has been changed without full and free discussion.

The members of the Modern Woodmen of America have banded together to furnish co-operative insurance. They are carrying on one of the largest business concerns in the United States.—Modern Woodman.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Cannot Flourish Without Sentiment. Helmet Gilt.

The Work of Man and The Work of Woman

By Count LEO TOLSTOI, the Intellectual Czar of All the Russians



THE CALLING OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL, MAN OR WOMAN, CONSISTS IN SERVING MANKIND. The service of mankind resolves itself into two parts:

First.—The improvement of the lot of living men and women.

Second.—The perpetuation of mankind itself.

To the former men are chiefly called, since the possibility of the latter service is denied them. To the second women are called, as they are exclusively capacitated therefor.

However zealously man may occupy himself by increasing his pleasures, by idle musings and by social activity, his work will not be fruitful. It will be fruitful only when it is directed toward assuaging the evils of mankind originating in want, ignorance and false social institutions.

SO IT IS WITH THE CALLING OF WOMAN. THE BEARING, NURSING AND REARING OF CHILDREN WILL BE USEFUL TO MANKIND ONLY WHEN SHE SHALL SO EDUCATE HER CHILDREN THAT THEY WILL BECOME THE BEST TYPE OF MEN AND WOMEN AND WORKERS FOR MANKIND.

According to my view, she will be the ideal woman who, after having assimilated the highest view of life of the age in which she lives, shall devote herself to her service as woman, to her inexorably appointed calling of bearing, nursing and educating the greatest possible number of children, who will be capable of serving mankind according to the view of life imbibed from her.

But how about those who have no children; who do not enter the married state, or who are widows? They will do well to take part in the manifold labors of men.

TO SEE A YOUNG WOMAN CAPABLE OF BEARING CHILDREN EMPLOYED AT MEN'S WORK, WILL EVER BE DEPLORABLE.

To see such a woman is like the sight of rich loam that is covered with gravel for a place of promenade. It is still more deplorable, as this soil could have produced only grain, while the woman could have produced that which is priceless and than which here is nothing higher—man.

And she alone can accomplish that.

Declining Influence of the Church

By President CHARLES W. ELIOT of Harvard

WE AMERICANS ARE FACE TO FACE WITH THE LAMENTABLE AND EXTRAORDINARY FACT THAT THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH HAS VISIBLY DECLINED IN OUR GENERATION.

The Protestant churches are too intellectual and too emotional on the part of the teacher or preacher, and call for too little of personal exertion on the part of the recipient of the inspiration.

The emotional side of religious teaching is highly developed, and this is especially true of the Methodist denomination. IT DOES NOT DO ME ANY GOOD TO HAVE MY FEELINGS AROUSED BY EXCITING MY PITY OR AROUSING MY ANGER OR STIRRING MY INDIGNATION UNLESS I CAN GO AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

THE KEY TO THE SOLUTION OF THE CHINESE PROBLEM

By Professor T. IYENAGA, Resident Lecturer at the University of Wisconsin

ALMOST the whole of China is mapped out in the "spheres of influence" of the western nations. Manchuria and Mongolia were Russia's prize. France took Kwangsi, Hainan and part of Yunnan, England the fertile valley of the Yangtszekiang, and Shantung went to Germany.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY THESE "SPHERES OF INFLUENCE" OR LEASES?

Lease in its simple meaning is nothing but a letting of land to another for a term of years on certain conditions of compensation. The lease of Port Arthur means little when read in the cold Russian blue book, but its significance becomes somewhat apparent when seen in the light of such memorable utterances of Czar Nicholas at the occupation of the mouth of the Arthur as "WHERE THE RUSSIAN FLAG HAS ONCE BEEN RAISED IT MUST NOT BE LOWERED."

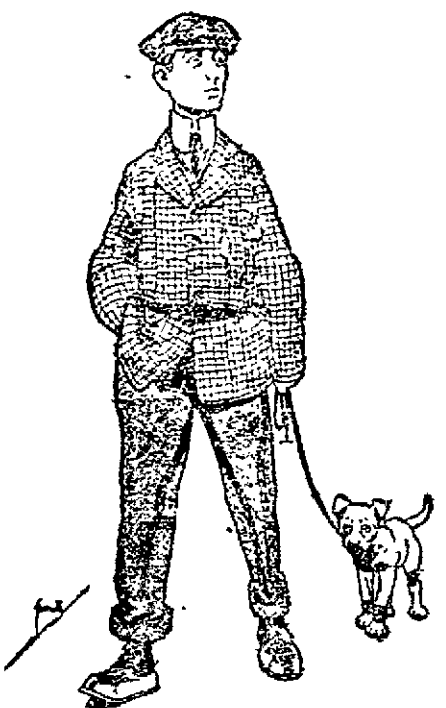
However well intentioned Japan may be to reorganize China, it is a foregone conclusion that she cannot do so alone. DOES NOT THEN THE MISSION OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE FAR EAST LIE HERE? Is it not a plain truth that the United States, whose ambitions are not territorial, whose interests are not political, but commercial, is among the best friends of China? And that China, on the other hand, is one of her best customers? And will Uncle Sam look on calmly and coolly while the other powers close China's doors to his merchants and bar her gate with preferential duties?

THE KEY TO THE SOLUTION OF THE CHINESE PROBLEM LIES IN A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING AMONG THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND AND JAPAN.

Whether the Americo-Japanese understanding now in existence will continue it is hard to say, but on it depends the ultimate destiny of the Celestial empire. THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND AND JAPAN—THESE THREE POWERS UNITED, CHINA STANDS; DIVIDED, CHINA FALLS.

The English Freshman

Oxford, England, Nov. 22.—The American who joins a British university to take a course at the historical university for which this place is noted will find much to interest and surprise him, for the ways of Oxford life are vastly different from the ways of life at any American educational institution. Nothing that the American, with some, however, is more calculated to edify and



A TYPICAL ENGLISH FRESHMAN.

amuse him than the difference between the average English freshman, or first year man, and the average American freshman.

One reason for this is the difference between the educational systems in vogue at the universities of the two countries. When a man begins his career at an American college, he is at once identified with a certain "class" or "year" and is also more likely than not to associate himself with one of the various fraternities at his alma mater. This in itself causes the freshman to lose much of the self-consciousness with which he is invested when he comes to the university for the first time and tends to make the freshmen a solid unit rather than heterogeneous individuals. In England, however, the reverse is the case.

At Oxford there is an entire absence of class sentiment, due largely to the fact that there is no regular classroom instruction. The professors and lecturers connected with the university deliver occasional lectures, which are sometimes for members of the university only, but often are open to the general public. Attendance, however, is not compulsory, and recitations in classes are unknown. The student is assisted in his work by the fellows, tutors or dons at the various colleges which go to make up Oxford, but his reading and studies are pursued almost entirely by himself and at such times and in such a manner as best suits his convenience. Again, the boy who enters the English university is called a "freshman," but he is not said to belong to any "class." Oxford confers degrees at frequent intervals during term time, but the date at which a man obtains his degree has none of the significance it carries in the mind of an American university undergraduate.

It will thus be seen that the English freshman enters the university as an individual and remains an individual throughout his career. He is seldom or never subjected to the forms of hazing practiced in many American institutions, a custom which, while harmful at times, certainly does much in the direction of knocking the rough edges off the budding undergraduate. However bumptious a man may be when he enters Yale or Harvard, he is tolerably certain to lose much of his bumptiousness before the end of his first year, and the loss is, of course, a benefit both to himself and to his fellows.

At Oxford, however, a man is left pretty much to work out his own salvation, and, while this system cannot but be pleasing to the English freshman, there is no doubt that he would be improved by closer contact with the older and more experienced men.

In some respects the English system has features superior to the American method. One point upon which especial stress should be laid, as it has a great bearing upon the development of the English freshman, is the strict discipline that obtains in regard to the habits of life and conduct of the undergraduate.

Again, the students' diversions, outside of an athletic nature, are subject to a rigid discipline. Billiard playing is prohibited before 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and, while a man is not deterred from indulging in intoxicants, he is liable to severe punishment if caught drinking in public houses.

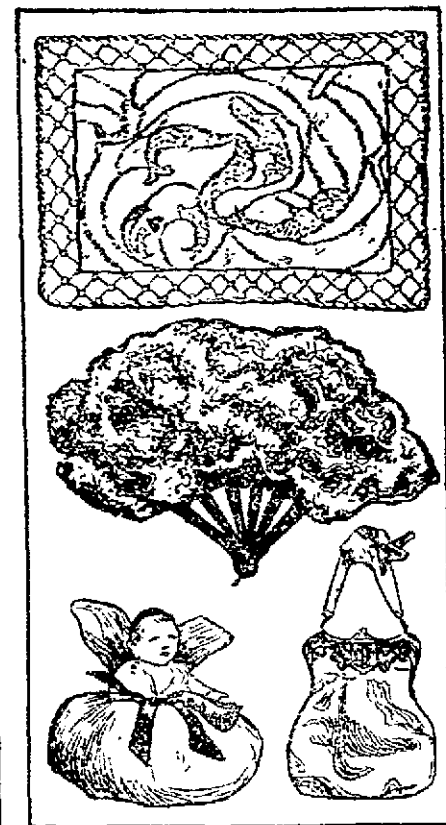
It will be interesting to note the developments and changes in the life of the freshman that will follow the entrance into Oxford of the men who have been awarded Cecil Rhodes' scholarships. That there will be development and changes is certain from the fact that not Americans alone, but colonialists imbued with American ideas, will arrive in sufficient numbers to influence existing conditions at this university where conservatism has been the watchword for so many centuries. H. A. BRUCE.

A GROUP OF GIFTS.

Christmas Fancies For the Clever and Industrious Worker.

The sachet cover is made of white brocade silk, with one side elaborately embroidered in dull, Persian colored silks, the floral design being effectively mingled with a scroll pattern done in an old rose and gold thread. A white silk cord finishes the edges.

A plain silk or gauze fan is selected for the foundation of the flower fan, and silk and gauze roses are applied to each stick on the outer edge and to



SACHET—FLOWER FAN—PINCUSHION—OPERA GLASS BAG.

the reverse side in the same manner. The effect when the fan is closed is that of a huge bouquet. In the present example the fan is of pale pink silk, with pink enameled sticks and the roses shading from deep to very delicate pink. Violets, carnations, poppies and pansies may be used to reproduce this fan, which will add a touch of beauty to an evening toilet wherein the same colors are carried out. An artistic fan could be made of crepe paper flowers in natural colorings. The success of the amusing little pincushion and of the opera glass bag will depend chiefly on the clever choice of a Japanese or other odd doll for the cushion and a tasteful frame, gilt, silver or gun metal, for the bags.—Delineator.

The Bridal Bouquet.

The finest art of which the florist is capable is brought to bear in the construction of that most sentimental of all floral arrangements, a bridal bouquet. One sees with delight the artistically arranged bouquets of today composed of flowers and narrow ribbon falling in a shower almost to the foot of the bride's dress. At one time orange blossoms were the only flowers appropriate for a bride. Any white flower may now be carried without offending the proprieties. White roses, stervias, gardenias and camellias are all in good taste, but lily of the valley is in the lead. White violets, too, are beautiful and if combined with orchids make a superb arrangement. A bridal bouquet made of gardenias is leaped with long, narrow strands of white gauze ribbon. Gardenias are less stiff than orange blossoms and more easily obtained.—Vogue.

The Right Way.

In manicuring a flat orange stick, wound with a bit of cotton, is used to loosen the skin around the nail. This is lifted up, not pushed down and back, remember, for such a movement cracks and splits the cuticle.

Reception Toilet.

This graceful princess robe is in mauve satin, with long, sweeping train, well rounded and finished off with a double tier of flutings, each veiled with white silk muslin, the top one extending in front as a single and



PRINCESS GOWN IN MAUVE SATIN.

very deep flounce. Two coronas of leafless rose buds meander over the headings; two smaller ones frame the transparent bertha of the corsage, with tablier basque in splendid gauze work. The hanging sleeves are silk muslin, and pearls finish the neck ornament.

FASHION'S NOVELTIES.

Unique Things in Furs, Fabrics and Smart Small Wares.

Short haired and "shaved" furs are fashion's original pretence this season to her fascinating story of furry garments. While costumes are to be made of shaved petit gris, gray squirrel, by the way, and immensely fashionable. Thus prepared in its velvety surface it resembles seal skin, but of course with a gray color.

Moleskins, brown, sleek and velvety, make up motor coats, boleros and other wraps, and it is said to reflect how many of these creatures must be slaughtered to build a single garment. Fony skin, too, is to have its vogue for motor coats and the like.

Gray squirrel, or petit gris, the familiar lining of the once fashionable long circular cloak, now serves impartially as a coat, a bolero, pelertine, stole, boa, muff, crown of a hat, brim of a turban, trimming on cloth, or any similar purpose that pleases the fancy.

Ermine, miniver and white fox answer to the rising craze for white furs.

A positive affection has developed for green color. It is immensely liked in velvet and cloth costumes of picturesque aspect, to which large, floppy Angora felt hats, in light colors and decked with plumes, add the finishing touch of variety and charm. The combination of blue and green is another promised color scheme.

And, apropos of velvet, it is well to remember that velveteen has this season reached the perfection of soft, lustrous, shimmering surface.

Red, which has been much used by Parisians, even during the summer, is to be one of the agreeably warm and gay fashions of the winter. It looks uncommonly chic in the new suitings, largely flecked with white or black, that combine charmingly with furs.

Jaunty short, loose coats find great favor with the younger folk and are built not only in the standard box cloth, but in the newer long haired fabrics as well.

Variations on the box plaited or Norfolk jacket figure in many of the most attractive plain walking suits.

The almost ideal heating of the modern home has brought lightweight



GREEN VELVETEEN HOUSE DRESS.

materials such as nun's veiling and albatross into great favor among woolen fabrics for house gowns.

Exquisitely finished silk crapes of beautiful draping quality come in black, white and all the fashionable evening shades.

Black net skirts, shimmering with jet and worn below a low, full bodice of embroidered white satin, strike a decidedly original and effective note in evening dress.

The box turban, with wide and deep fur brim and velvet crown, is one of the good millinery items.

For a shopping and walking glove smart women wear a mannish, one large pearl button affair, with long wrist, in tan, gray, black or white, and they even affect the little masculine wrinkle of allowing the wrist to fall down backward over the hand.

White stocks and black stocks with colored embroidery in fruit or flower clusters are fashionable bits of neckwear.

Cuban heels and smart round toes give the latest touch of style to new laced boots.

Wide extension soles mark ladies' walking boots of calfskin, as built by some of the best makers.

AMY VARNUM.

Notes From Good Housekeeping.

A piece of fresh bread in the doughnut jar keeps the doughnuts as fresh as when new.

To try when a cake is done, hold your ear down and listen; if it has ceased sounding, it is done.

Always put the name in the rubbers of all of the family in ink; also a label with name high up on umbrella handle inside.

Give a young infant drink from a saucer instead of a cup or spoon. The uncertain little lips will close upon it more easily and there will be no slopping.

Since I have kept an orange wood stick tied with a long ribbon above the washstand in the bathroom there are fewer gloomy finger nails on the little folks' hands.

We have saved gas by using two half round kettles on one gas burner. They fit closely together and for a family of five or six cook enough vegetables in each one.

There is a find among New York clubmen just now of having their monogram embroidered in wash silk letters one inch long on the left shirt sleeve, three or four inches above the cuff.

LOOK OUT FOR HOBBIES.

Don't Neglect General Characteristics For a Special Point.

How easy it is for breeders to become enthusiasts or cracks upon some special characteristic of the various breeds! This tendency is not confined to amateurs alone, but is noticeable quite often with old breeders. No doubt all of us can call to mind breeders who are particularly strong in male birds or females, as the case may be, and have become noted for the superior excellence of one or the other. This is because especial attention is paid to their favorites and that more earnest effort is put into the determination to succeed. This sort of a hobby is not so bad as the one which leads a breeder to overlook general characteristics in favor of some special point.

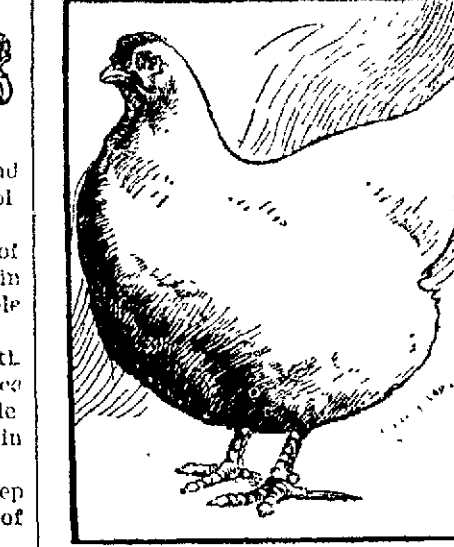
Often times we pride ourselves upon the almost perfect comb of a fowl and will retain such a bird as a breeder regardless of other serious defects which more than overbalance the advantage gained in comb. The comb, on account of its prominence, is perhaps the point above all others which is apt to unduly influence judgment. Pure white plumage is often obtained at the expense of color of legs, beak and eyes. Good color in the breast and back of Brown Leghorn females is apt to become a hobby with breeders of that variety. A fine wing on a Brahma is many times made to answer for serious defects in other sections. "Barred to the skin" and clear buff wings and tails are often obtained by sacrificing other important qualities. Overweight in some breeds is not only given too much importance by many, but it is carried to harmful extremes. A well shaped back, tail or breast also makes us blind many times to serious defects in other sections. Color, taken as a whole, is too often overestimated and as a general proposition is given more consideration than shape.

Perhaps the most noticeable examples of this are found in Barred Rocks. Any old thing with barred plumage is generally passed as a Barred Plymouth Rock, and some of the shapeless specimens seen at shows are a disgrace to the breed. Shape is of more importance than color. By shape we determine the breed itself, and by color we distinguish one variety of the breed from another. How many breeders of the solid colored Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes have definitely fixed in their mind the difference in shape of the two breeds? Most everybody knows, of course, that the Wyandotte is blockier built, but the term is not always thoroughly understood in its application to all sections of the fowl.

Remember that it requires shape as well as color to make a perfect bird and that perfection in all sections in both color and shape is necessary. Don't build up one good feature at the expense of another. Better have a medium quality throughout than great excellence in one or two sections and very poor quality in the others.—American Poultry Journal.

W. P. R. Pullet, Score 96.

This fine specimen of a great utility breed was bred and raised by Duane Shaw of Crawford county, Ill., and is an almost typical White Plymouth



Rock. If anything, she approaches the Wyandotte shape too much, although the position in which she stood when the photograph was taken undoubtedly makes her look too blocky.—American Agriculturist.

Poultry Yards and Shrubbery.

The best poultry yard for fowls that have not free range is the one with plenty of shrubbery in it and one in which grass may be sown to allow the birds plenty of green stuff to eat. It is advisable to have two yards, and while the birds are living in one sow some seed in the other. It is also a good plan to turn the soil in the yards, and the birds will get many worms and insects. If there are no trees or shrubs in the yards, it is very little trouble to plant a few there. The hens and little chicks especially will appreciate them on hot days. It is not a pleasant thing for a hen to be compelled to remain out in the brooding sun with a flock of little ones trying to keep cool. And then so many persons forget to give plenty of fresh water to their fowls in hot weather. There is nothing that is more of a drawback to the health and comfort of the birds than to be forgotten when the days are so warm. They get run down, and their systems are in a condition to get all the diseases that are going around.—Mirror and Farmer.

Cooling Birds For Shipment.

C. A. M., Alabama, asks: "In shipping birds a distance of 200 or 400 miles what is the best feed to put in the coop and is it necessary to put water in?"

We always put corn in the coop for long distances. An old tin can for a water cup is easily attached to the corner of the coop. We have found expressmen very good about caring for the birds. Fill the cup with water when the birds start, and they will go the distance you mention safely.—Commercial Poultry.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, No. 4, K. C. R.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St.

Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

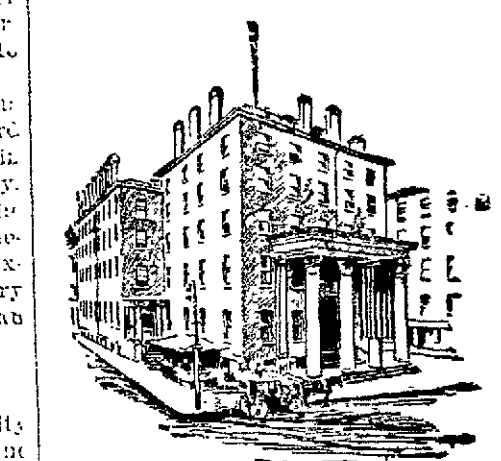
Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief; Charles C. Charleson, Noble Chief; Fred Meiser, Vice Chief; William Hampshire, High Priest; Frank H. Meloon, Venerable Hermit; George P. Knight, Sir Hermit; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hanscom, C. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, No. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Commodore; John Hooper, Vice Commodore; William P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary; Frank Langley, Financial Secretary; Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Chester D. Odiorne, Inductor; George Kimball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, Inside Protector; George Kay, Outside Protector; Trustees, Harry Hersum, Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

THE REVERE HOUSE



Bowdoin Square, Boston,

HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING HOTEL IN BOSTON. IT HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY RENOVATED BY THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

C. L. Yorke & Co.

ALSO PROPRIETORS

BOSTON TAVERN

FIREPROOF.

Rooms from \$1.00 Up

Old India Pale Ale

Homstead Ale

Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed and bottled by

THE FRANK JONES Brewing Co.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Ask your Dealer or them.

BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS

The Best Spring Tonic on the Market.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
DECEMBER 8.

NEW RISES.....TODAY MOON SETS. 3:00 A. M.
 SUN SETS.....TODAY MOON RISES. 10:15 P. M.
 LUNAR DAY.....10:15 P. M.

First Quarter, Dec. 8th, 10:30 a. m., morning, W.
 Full Moon, Dec. 11th, 10:40 a. m., evening, E.
 Last Quarter, Dec. 15th, 10:30 a. m., evening, W.
 New Moon, Dec. 18th, 10:30 a. m., evening, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Dec. 7.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday, except snow and colder in eastern Maine; fresh west winds; Tuesday fair.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE
HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

MONDAY, DEC. 8, 1902.



CITY BRIEFS.

Plumbers are smiling.
 The sleighing is excellent.
 Church congregations were small Sunday.

The small boy and his sled are numerous.

The icemen will now begin to think of their winter's supply.

Can't afford to go out sleighing? It's a chilly pastime, anyway!

Have your shoes repaired by Joby Mott, 24 Congress street.

The constitutional convention convenes again this afternoon.

The temperature this morning stimulated the inquiry for fuel.

The holiday numbers of the turf papers are beginning to appear.

The temperature dropped steadily during the past twenty-four hours.

The mercury this morning in this city was not far from the zero mark.

Horse Blankets, Fur & Plush Robes, Sleigh Bells. W. F. & C. E. Woods, 18 Congress St.

Boston dealers have advanced the retail price of anthracite to twelve dollars per ton.

The snow has spoiled the skating.

Business was brisk in the stores Saturday night.

Croup instantly relieved. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Perfectly safe. Never fails. At any drug store.

Gov.-Elect Bacheelder gave a dinner to the newspaper men of Concord at the Eagle hotel Saturday night.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong, vigorous body—makes him fit for the battle of life.

One year ago Saturday morning the mercury registered twelve below zero, and on the morning of the 14th, fourteen below.

Horse-shoos have been busy since the snow came, as in many instances animals were not shod for safe traveling on snow and ice.

The Christmas number of the Gurdion contains an interesting number on the Father Barry Memorial chapel which was dedicated in Concord last month.

Clams have been scarce for the past few days, the tides being short owing to the easterly winds. The shipments have been very much reduced in consequence.

The New Hampshire fish and game commissioners have announced the prohibition of ice fishing in those Rockingham county waters: Pleasant pond in Deerfield, Deaneville's, Keniston and North River ponds in Nottingham, Bow Lake in Northwood and Strafford.

Herring are again running in the Hampton river, of which good catches are made. The first appearance of herring in this river was in 1901, when they came in great schools, attracting fishermen from Newburyport and other points, who made profitable hauls.

GOLDEN RULE CIRCLE.

The bean supper given by the Golden Rule circle of King's Daughters of the Middle street Baptist church, on Saturday evening, netted twenty dollars.

Golden Rule circle meets in the Baptist chapel this evening.

ON A SPECIAL TRAIN.

The body of Hon. Thomas H. Reed went through Portsmouth this morning on a special train of two Pullman cars, one of which was occupied by a small party of relatives and friends. The train left the station for Portland at 11:10 o'clock.

POLICE DISCREDIT STORY.

Watchman John Hutchins Says He Was Fired Upon.

John Hutchins, employed as special policeman and night watchman at the White Mountain Paper company's plant, claims to have been fired upon by two men at an early hour Sunday morning, one of the bullets passing through the sleeve of his coat.

Hutchins' story, as told to the police, was that while making the rounds of the plant shortly before twelve o'clock Saturday night, he came upon two men in the rear of the office building, and when he inquired what they were doing one of them pulled a revolver and fired two shots, one of which passed through his coat sleeve. They then turned and ran down the track towards the city.

He called up the police station and the officers made a search of the North end, but failed to locate any one.

The officials of the White Mountain Paper company investigated the affair and must have come to the same conclusion that the local police did, for Hutchins and a fellow watchman have both been discharged.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Coroner Prime Views Body and Gives Heart Disease as Cause of Death.

Stark Spinney, an old sailor and ex-man-of-warman, was found dead in bed at his home Sunday morning. Coroner Prime was summoned and, together with a physician viewed the body. The coroner decided to inquest unnecessary, giving heart disease as the cause of death.

POLICE COURT.

Judge Emery disposed of six drunks in police court this morning. William Currier, a tinsmith, who has often been the victim of his drinkitude, pleaded guilty to being drunk on Saturday evening and will keep the pots and kettles at Supt. Dean's hostelry for the next sixty days.

William Ryan, drunk on Pleasant street on Sunday will go down in his cans to the extent of \$16.99 or work it out at Brentwood.

Thomas O'Connor, shod in a new pair of long legged leather boots and claiming Dover as his home town, acknowledged to being a little full on Sunday and will pay the price of a all sized drunk, \$16.99.

John Sullivan was positive that he was not intoxicated when arrested and his case was continued until 6:30 o'clock this evening, in order to have his officers present who made the arrest.

Allen McDonald, for being drunk in his sister's house and annoying the occupants was fined \$5 and costs taxed at \$6.99.

James Connor, a short statured tar from the U. S. S. Essex, pleaded not guilty to being drunk on Congress street on Sunday. After hearing the testimony of Officer McCaffery and Assistant Marshal Hurley, Connor and nothing to say and was fined \$19 and costs taxed at \$6.99.

SPECIAL MEETING TONIGHT.

There will be a special meeting of both branches of the city government at the city building this evening. The meeting is called for the purpose of considering the laying of a water main from Maplewood avenue to the plant at the White Mountain Paper company at Freeman's Point. The plan is to take some of the unexpended \$50,000 appropriated for the increase of the city's water supply and pay the cost of the laying of the main. The White Mountain Paper company now gets its water from the city's plant, but the main is above ground and the company fears freezing.

JOHN LANGDON CLUB.

The first meeting of the John Langdon club for the season of 1902-03 will be held this evening in the Congregational chapel on Middle street. After a business session and the annual election of officers, an address will be given by Mr. Howard A. Hildeman of Boston, who will have as his subject "Phases of Modern Journalism." Refreshments will be served.

AMBULANCE HOUSED.

The police ambulance has been housed for the winter and a lighter conveyance will be used while the ice is bad.

LOST CHILD.

The police had a lost child on their hands for about half an hour this forenoon. The mother of the child finally called for it.

GO AND HEAR MRS. CATT.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the subject to attend a lecture on "Equal Suffrage and Equal Guardianship" given by Mrs.

Carrie Chapman Catt, national president of the Equal Suffragists, at 3:30 p. m., Wednesday afternoon, at the Grand hotel, under the auspices of the Grand hotel club.

ROCK BOUND NEW ENGLAND.

Sales of Shoals a Dangerous Locality. But Has Few Wrecks.

The two storms of the week that swept the entire New England coast were a foretaste of what may be expected for the next three or four months. They were the first violent gales of the season and served as a reminder to mariners that the season is now at hand to look out for the numerous points of danger along the wreck-strewn coast. From now until spring the life-saving crews will be kept busy watching for stragglers in their respective districts; yet, in spite of their vigilance and aid, many a vessel will be battered to pieces and scores of lives will be lost.

Storms on the coast this season will be felt more by the people on land than perhaps ever before, owing to the scarcity of coal in all sections of New England, especially at those points which depend upon tidewater cargoes. Every storm means a delay and damage to shipping, and even last week craft were locked in harbors for several days.

During the past ten years there has been on an average a stranding every other day. During the decade there is a record of 1682 vessels of all kinds having stranded on the New England coast.

Cape Cod is the graveyard of the New England coast, where 299 vessels stranded in the past ten years.

Duck Island is the most dangerous of the Isles of Shoals. They all have histories of wicked looking ledges anchoring them from south and west and south to east. The mariner gives them a wide berth. Duck Island, with its ill-shaped rocks projecting on all sides, has a reef that makes out half a mile into the sea from the north-west. Vessels plying between Boston and the Maine coast or the provinces keep well outside of them and consequently they claim but few victims.

But six have landed here in the past ten years. Vessels driven on the inside of these islands during a heavy storm usually strand on Fletcher's Neck, Cape Porpoise, Hampton Beach or York Beach. These places have had forty-seven vessels strand on them during the ten years.

RANDOM GOSSIP.

It is suggested that a two or three pound box of anthracite coal tied with pretty ribbons will make a neat and acceptable Christmas gift this year.

Well, anyway, the man who prophesied twenty-nine snow storms this winter has got two of them off his mind.

Tom Marsh's contract with Thomas Lawson expires the first of the year, after which he will open a public stable. It is a long time since Marsh has had a public stable and the chance will be taken advantage of by several owners who think highly of his abilities.

By the way, Tom Marsh owns a six months old colt that is a bit of a wonder, for last week he stepped on a eighth better than a four-minute clip. The youngster is by Dreamer, out of a daughter of Woodbrino.

A Kansas newspaper complacently remarks: "There are six preachers in the jails of this state, but thank God, not a single editor." What will probably puzzle the six unfortunate preachers is how under the canopy of a lot of the editors managed to escape the clutches of justice.

Here is Mother Goose down-to-date: There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise, He started up in business, And failed to advertise, But when he found his dough 'most gone,

With all his might and main, He bought good pace in newspapers, And now he's den again.

I should like to know if the editor of the Richmond Mirror can get the amount of not entirely unique, Thanksgiving fast, to which he was looking forward. "The editor of the Mirror," he announced, "is going to stay at home on Thanksgiving day, be thankful, and at about 12:30 to eat a roasted grouse, correctly cooked, with sweet potatoes on the side! That grouse has been located, and judging from his tracks, he will weigh about fifteen pounds on foot. Barring the ability of a good man to catch him, the Sir Grousehog that has ranged the wilds of Fire Creek for seven sweet long years, will be the Thanksgiving delicacy."

Many people who last year had fires in their furnaces, or in a number of stoves, are curtailing the amount of coal consumed by putting up with fewer rooms for occupancy.

Probably you know how Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair and makes the hair grow. That so? J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The machinists in the steam engine department were obliged to work in the shop and aboard the Raleigh on Sunday.

Chief Machinist Coates of the training ship Essex will start today on a furlough. He will visit his home in Wilmington, Del.

Matthew Saxon, boiler maker in the steam engineering department, is confined to his home on State street, Portsmouth, by sickness.

T. Burke, a former machinist in the construction and repair department, has taken a position with the Curwin Elevator works at Salem, Mass.

The story of the mysterious noises, said to have been heard on the Reina Mercedes by the men who watch there at night, is declared to be not so much of a joke as was at first thought.

An interesting sight Saturday afternoon was the moving of the large boiler from the cars near the old machine shop to Henderson's Point, where it will furnish power for the air compressing engines. The work was done by twelve large horses, harnessed three abreast, in charge of Wendell and Cochrane, general teamsters. The work of moving this heavy boiler was made especially hard by the recently fallen snow, on which the wheels of the truck did not run very easily.

AT THE FORT.

The new steamer, which will be used between the forts and this city, cannot come too soon to suit the men stationed here.

The electrical sergeant, who has recently been ordered here, will have charge of the harbor and mine defenses and has a class which is now drilling for the work.

A delay has been caused in the transfer of the property near the fort to the government, owing to the failure to locate the many heirs of a certain house and its accompanying land.

William Barror, an ordnance machinist of the Watertown arsenal who has been on duty at Forts Foster and Constitution and at Portland harbor, was in this city on Sunday on his way home, where he has been called by his firm, having finished his outside duties. Mr. Barror is an expert at his work and was sorry to leave the hosts of friends that he had made here. Twenty or more of his friends were at the station on his departure at five o'clock Sunday afternoon and extended to him the best of good wishes.

The new ambulance was used for the first time a few days ago when Private Ficklin, who was shot in the hand about two weeks ago, was conveyed from the Cottage hospital to the fort.

Capt. T. E. Merrill, who has been in command here for several months, leaves today for Boston, where he will take up his new duties as quartermaster for that district. Capt. Merrill has made many friends at the reservation and in this city and his friends are pleased to hear of his promotion and are satisfied that he will always be advancing. He will be relieved by Capt. Brigman, ranking captain of the artillery, who served with a good record during the Spanish-American war.

CONDITION CRITICAL.

Midshipman Reginald T. Carpenter, who played on the Annapolis football eleven, and was stricken with typhoid fever shortly before the game with West Point, is critically ill and not expected to live. Carpenter's relatives in this city received a telegram Sunday stating that his condition was about the same.

INSPECTOR CANN RELIEVED.

Pay Inspector James E. Cann, U. S. N., recently on duty at the navy yard, was detached on Saturday from the Wisconsin and ordered home to await orders. He is relieved by Paymaster J. W. Morse. The Wisconsin has arrived at San Francisco from Panama and gone into quarantine. Rear Admiral Casey is on board of the battleship.

RECEIVED BAPTISMAL RITES.

Rev. Robert L. Harris, pastor of the Peoples' church, gave baptismal rites to the candidates of his parish on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at the Middle street Baptist church. Two received the rite, a young girl and a young man.

Every family should have its household medicine chest and the first bottle in it should be Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Nature's remedy for coughs and colds.

PERSONALS.

Andrew P. Preston has been ill for several days.

Miss Gertrude H. Pkist is passing the day in Boston.

Ambrose Yeaton of New Castle has been granted a pension of \$12 per month.

Thomas P. Saker, who has been visiting in New York city for several weeks, has returned.

Miss Annie Fellows of Haverhill, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clough and household of State street.

Mrs. Fred M. Sise starts this afternoon for Annapolis, where her brother, Reginald T. Carpenter, is lying critically ill.

Mrs. Daniel E. Leavitt has returned to the Rockingham for the winter, after several days' visit as the guest of Mrs. Frank Jones at Newton, Mass.

John H. Kirvan of Roxbury has entered the employ of the Regal Shoe company, and is in this city for a short time on business connected with the firm.

Mrs. Charles H. Bell and daughter have returned to Exeter, having just closed their cottage at Little Boar's Head, where they have remained since early summer.

Rev. James De Normandie D. D., of Boston Highlands, is to give an address before the meeting of the Exeter branch of the National Alliance on Thursday afternoon.

Comrades True W. Priest and J. Louis Harris of Storrs Post, G. A. R., went to Lakeport this morning, to be present at the inspection of the post in that town this evening.

Mrs. Horace Tarlton and daughter of Haverhill, Mass., and Mrs. Ann L. White and grand-daughter of Allston, Mass., passed Sunday with Mrs. H. M. Vaughan of South street.

Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson of Winthrop, Mass., nee Bragdon of this city, the president of the Massachusetts Floral Emblem society, is to give a reception on Thursday afternoon to the Winthrop branch of that organization and the presidents of the clubs and kindred organizations in that town.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich are in town for the winter at their Mt. Vernon street house, after a supplementary season at Ponkapoag. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Aldrich are still at the Adirondacks, as Mr. Aldrich's health is not sufficiently established for him to risk any other climate for the present.—Boston Sunday Herald.

Commander Francis H. Delano, U. S. N., who was ordered to duty at the navy yard on December first, has reached Portsmouth, with Mrs. Delano, and is registered at the Rockingham. They are receiving cordial welcomes from old-time friends. Their sons, Frederick H., who is a captain in the marine corps, and Philip W., an assistant paymaster in the same branch of the service, are equally popular in our city.

TO BE ORDAINED WEDNESDAY.

The ordination to the Baptist ministry of William Reed of Somerville, Mass., son-in-law of Rev. and Mrs. George W. Gile of Middle street, takes place on Wednesday afternoon at the Baptist church in Cape Neckdock, Me. This installation as pastor of this church follows in the evening. A liberal representation from the Portsmouth church, of which the candidate is a member, is expected. The following were on Sunday chosen delegates from this parish: the pastor, Charles H. Clough and Lewis E. Staples.

MASCAGNI'S NEW BATON.

The story goes that Signor Mascagni's energy and impatience have caused the destruction of many batons, broken in the beating of time. But lately he has borrowed a wrinkle from Francis Wilson's musical director, L. F. Gottschalk, who uses a light and elastic stick, handled with cork. Having tried one of these and found it good, the lively Italian is said to have ordered some dozens of such, for his own use and as gifts to his conductor friends.

SLIGHT FIRE.

The fire alarm at the navy yard sounded shortly after noon today, for a fire in a schoolhouse at Kittery. The blaze was so slight that it was put out before it had done scarcely any damage to the building.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winkler's Pothos Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child's gums, relieves all pain, cures colds, whooping cough, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, twelve drops at a bottle.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, KEARSARGE?

Pequosettes of Watertown Won't Have It That You Cut Much of a Figure at Boston Fire.

The following communication to the Boston Sunday Globe is of interest to the members of Kearsarge S. F. E. company.

To the Editor of the Globe: There was printed in the Sunday Globe of Nov. 9 an article signed I. P. Miller and headed "Old Kearsarge Engine Saved the Old South in Boston Fire." The article goes on to state some alleged facts to substantiate the statement.

Now, for any company of firemen to claim in such a broad way that they and they only stopped the fire from crossing Milk street upon the night spoken of simply shows how ignorant they are of the facts in the case.

There were a number of steamers located at this point. It was an important point to hold. After the Kearsarge engine company arrived, we admit, they did very effective work, but at the critical moment, when it seemed to all that the old South must go, the Kearsarge engine was not there at all.

The official record says the Kearsarge engine company arrived in Boston at 5:15 Sunday morning. This we know to be correct. They were stationed in Court square and were in Court square when it seemed to us all that the Old South was doomed. There appeared a number of times around the steeple little specks of fire, which a number of the companies could and did reach.

If all of the engines could have had water enough to work with it would have been an easy task for any of them. The Pequosette engine company of Watertown claim that they were the ones that were able to do the telling work which saved the Old South.

Upon the arrival of the company in Boston they were ordered to locate the steamer on Tremont street, at the head of School street, and take water from a reservoir on Tremont street, which was done, and in 55 minutes from the time they left their house they were sending a powerful stream into the Transcript building, in which the fire was raging furiously. It was soon noticed that the steeple on the Old South was showing signs of fire so high up on the steeple that no one could reach it. Chief Drew ordered his foreman to go to the steamer and tell the engineer that he must give him a better stream.

On the way to the steamer the foreman remembered that there was on the steamer a special pipe to be used at master only, and upon his arrival at the steamer he secured the special pipe, at the same time giving the engineer an order, stop long enough for them to change the pipes, and as soon as orders were given to play away again, not to spare the steamer at all, but make it do its very best.

While the pipes were being changed the engineer let the steam run up (for he had a new boiler to run with), and when the order came along the line, "Play away, Pequosette," the Pequosette, with lots of steam and plenty of water and a special pipe, did play away desperately, and in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the word was sent back to the men at the steamer that their efforts were successful, but they must do their best a while longer.

The Pequosette company was held at this point until the fire was fully under control, and was then ordered to take a position upon Broad street. They were not able to connect with the Boston hydrants and early in the afternoon, when all danger of the fire spreading had passed, they were ordered home. The members of the Pequosette engine company understand the Kearsarge men have told their story to the people of Portsmouth, and that it has passed as being true, and that they have been given a banner as a reward of merit.

Well, boys, this may be all right, but the remaining members of Pequosette engine company desire to say that they fear that when the future historian shall find out the right way banner will not be large enough to cover you all and hide you in your embarrassment which will come upon you at that time. There are six of them left, and if they are forced to it they will tell the whole story just as it was, and let the reader judge for himself.

ATWOOD T. DREW, Chief Engineer of Watertown Fire Department at the big Boston Fire of 1872.

HIRAM MCCLAUGHLIN, Engineer of Pequosette Steam Fire Engine at the big Boston Fire, 1872, Watertown, Mass., Nov. 26, 1902.

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